The ATLANTIC ADVOCATE

"LET ALL THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN LEARN"
by DAVID WALKER

THE VOICE OF THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

No. 10 JUNE, 1959 35 cents

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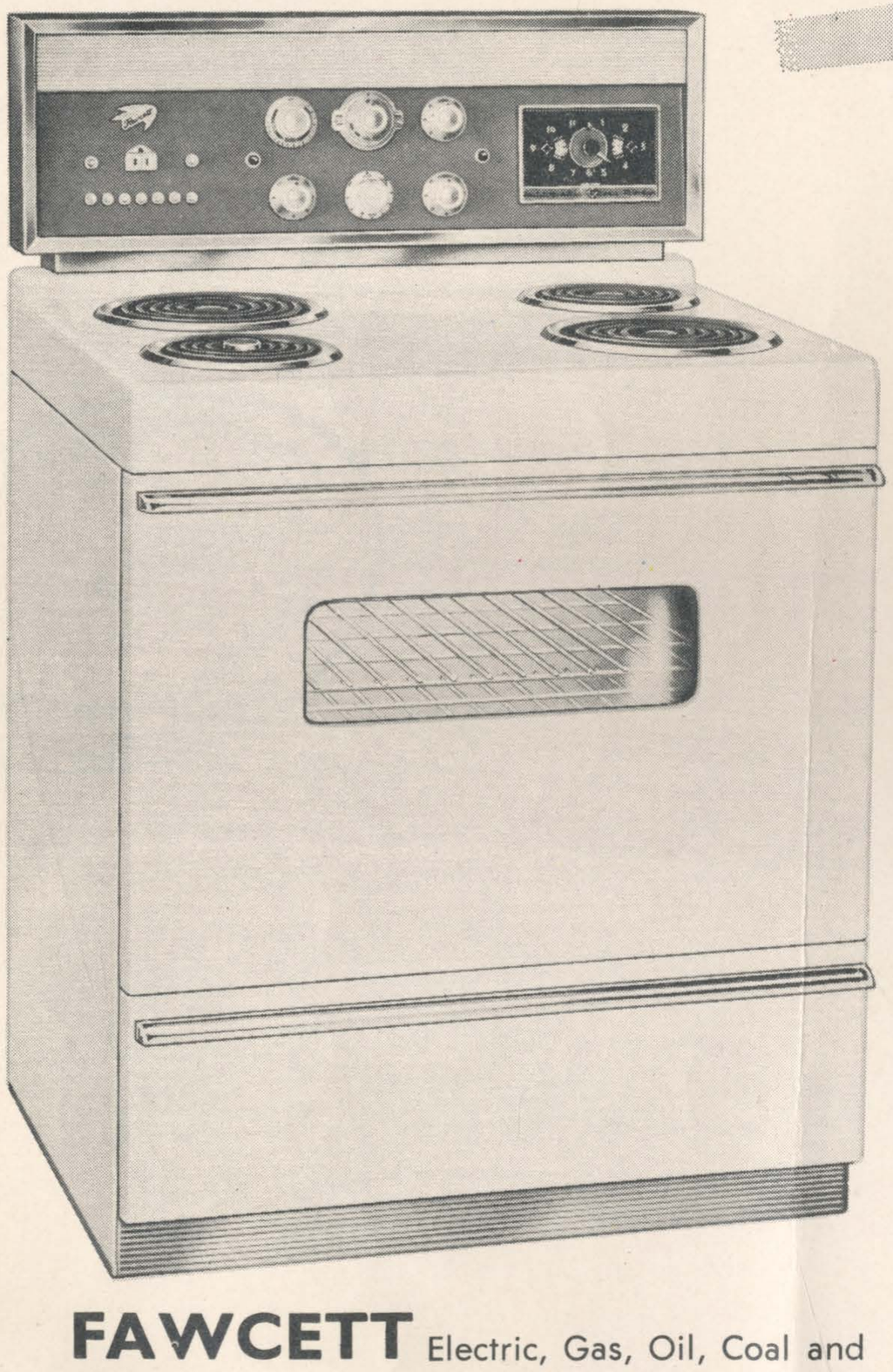

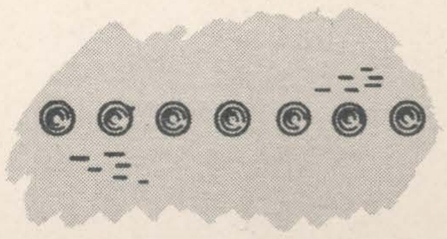

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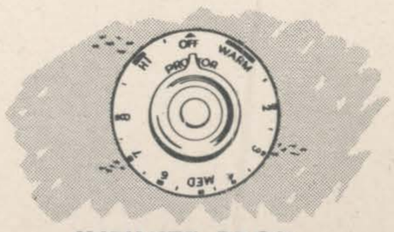

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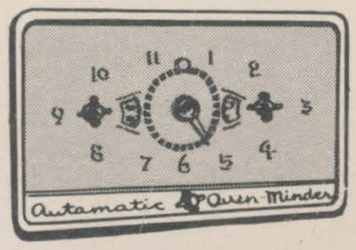

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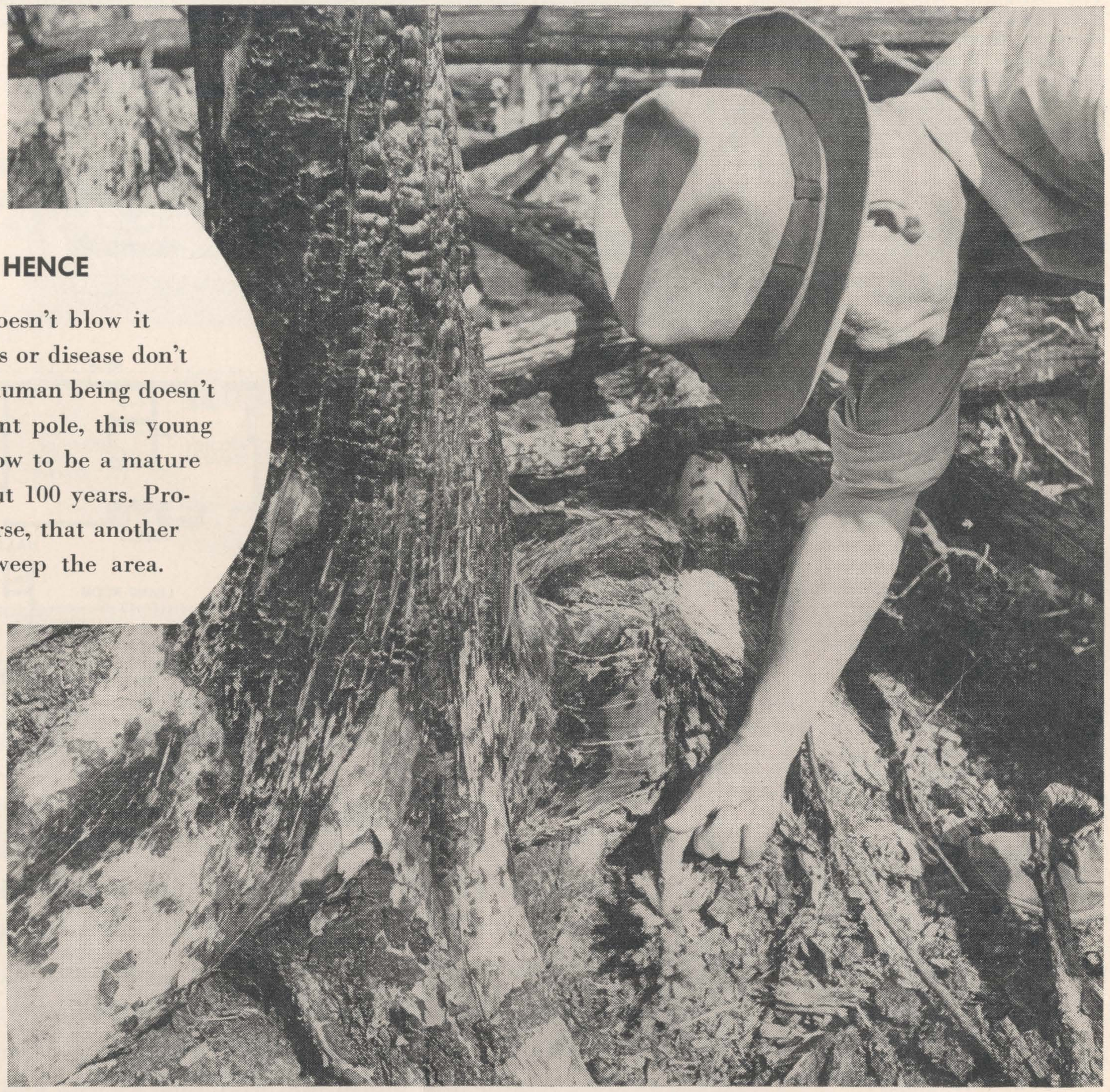
The portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on the cover was painted by G. Philip Backman of Halifax.



100 YEARS HENCE

If the wind doesn't blow it down, if insects or disease don't attack it, if a human being doesn't fell it for a tent pole, this young sprout will grow to be a mature spruce in about 100 years. Providing, of course, that another fire doesn't sweep the area.

Because of People

Somewhere in Canada this year fires will destroy valuable stands of forest. These fires will occur from early spring to late fall. Where they will occur will depend on climate and moisture conditions. But why they will occur is no secret. Mostly, they will happen because of people. More than 80 per cent of them will be set by people. The ranger will take care of the fire caused by a lightning bolt. He has a head start on that one. He at least knows where thunder storms have passed and he is on the lookout for the tell-tale spiral of smoke. But when you have thousands of people invading forested areas over a single weekend, where do you look? Mainly you hope that most of them will have observed the elementary rules of good forest behavior, knowing that the forest is no place to fool with fire.

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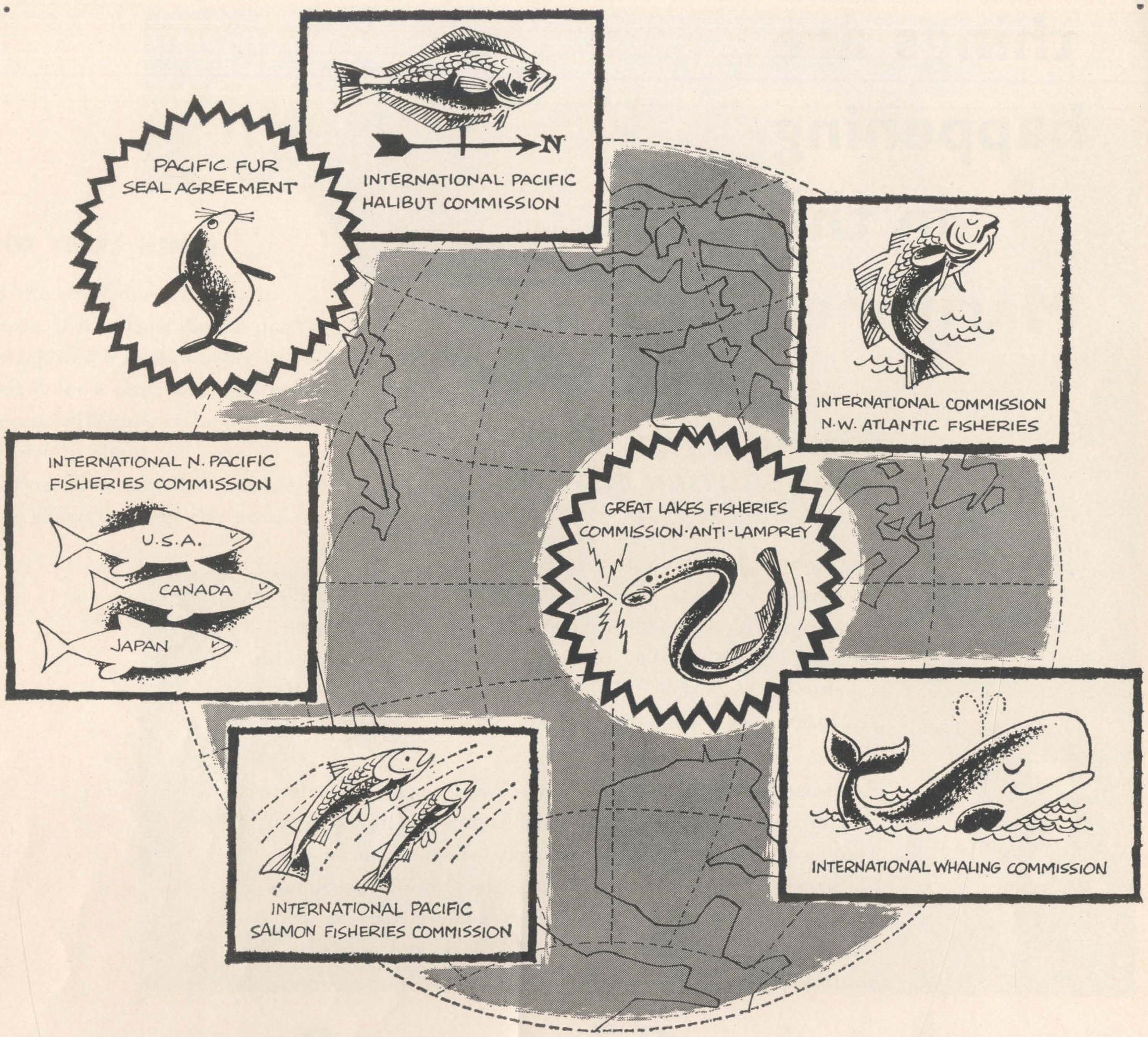
things are happening in the Maritimes

LOBSTER IS STAR OF NOVA SCOTIAN FISHERIES

The Lobster has star rating in Nova Scotia. In 1957, the landed value of Nova Scotian fisheries was $24,770,000, compared with only $20,500,000 in 1951. Master Lobster accounted for $9,250,000 of that total. Cod was next with a value of $4,250,000; Haddock returned $3,000,000; Halibut, $1,250,000; Swordfish, $1,250,000; Scallops, $994,000.

Patterns of an industry may change but work and enterprise remain unchanged as the decisive factors in its progress. That is true of the Simms Company which, from small beginnings, has grown under three generations of Simms leadership to be the foremost brush manufacturer in the Commonwealth . . . contributing to work and wages in the Maritimes for 92 years.



INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION

means wise use of fishery resources

Canada has been a pioneer in the establishment of international commissions, the aims of which are to conserve and develop stocks of fish, sustaining their productive level whenever this is threatened by human and natural causes.

This country is a party to three bilateral fishery agreements with our neighbour to the south, and is also a member of four international conventions which include other countries in addition to the United States.

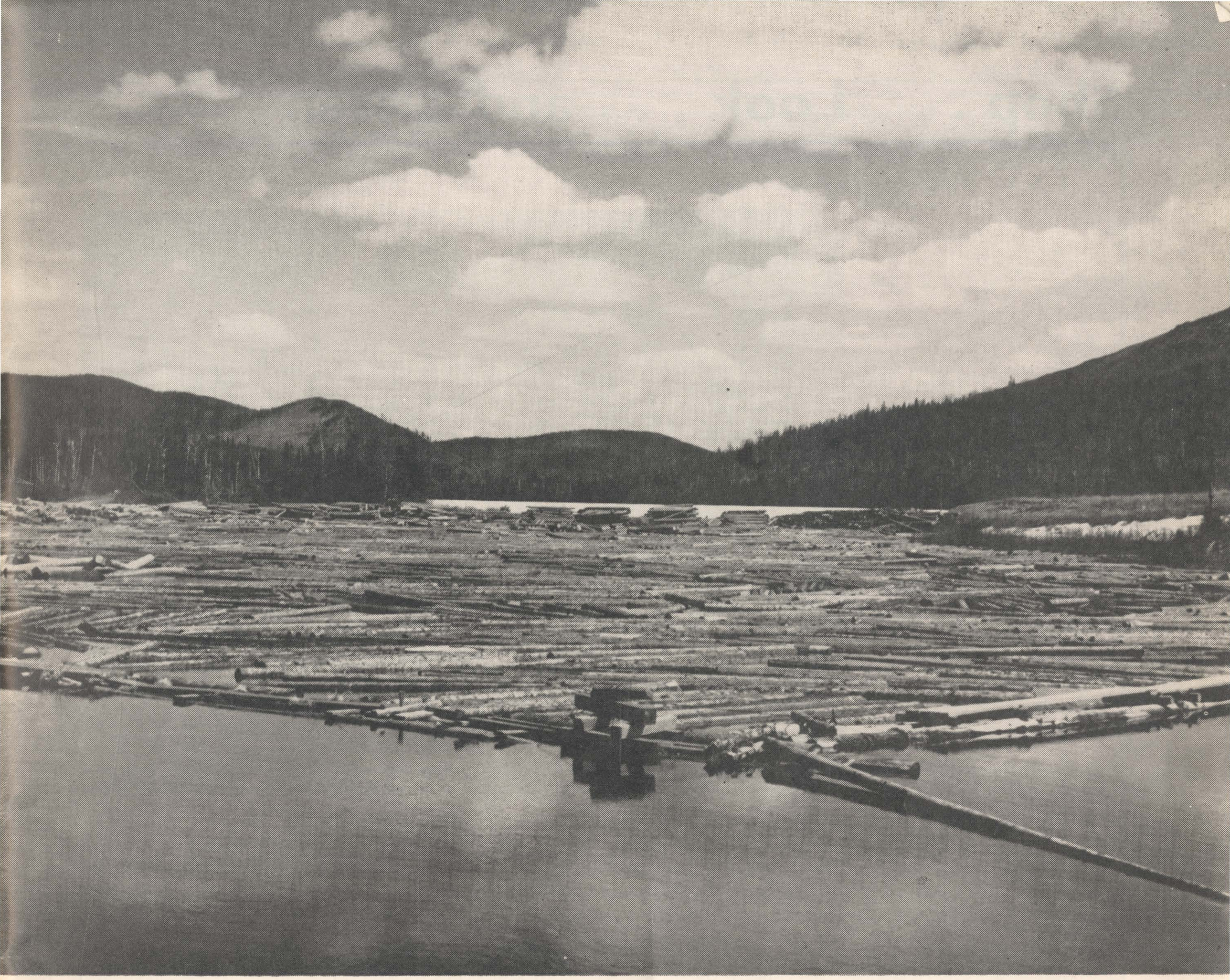
Fish populations renew themselves if given the chance. The purpose of international co-operation is to make sure that they *are* given this chance . . . through practical programmes of scientific research and by common sense fisheries regulations.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES

OTTAWA, CANADA

DF-308

HON. J. ANGUS MACLEAN, M.P., MINISTER — GEORGE R. CLARK, DEPUTY MINISTER



RICHES OF THE REALM

The forests are one of the richest, renewable, natural resources of Her Majesty's realm of Canada.

Harvesting the crops of trees from the forests and converting them into lumber, woodpulp, paper, paperboard, and other products provide employment across the land for the greatest number of people in Canadian industry. Help protect the woodlands by preventing forest fires.

On the occasion of the current visit to Canada of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II and His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh, we extend our warmest expression of loyalty to them.

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LETTERS

Corridor Road

FROM SENATOR MUSKIE

Sir:

I have read the article, "The Corridor Road Through Maine" [*The Atlantic Advocate*, May, 1959], with a great deal of interest. I have long felt that the geographical proximity of Maine to the adjoining Canadian provinces should be of mutual interest and that it is suggestive of possible economic benefits on both sides of the border which should be thoroughly explored. For that reason, I have followed, with much more than casual interest, the efforts to promote construction of a highway from Ashland, Maine, to the Quebec border. The Maine Legislature this year is giving consideration to a proposed study of this route.

Dr. Howland's proposal is new to me. I would not presume to evaluate it finally without more study than I have been able to give it. As strictly a first impression, I raise the question whether a proposed route would provide much more direct access from points in Maine to Sherbrooke and Montreal, than is provided by existing roads. There is a second question as to whether or not the proposed road would service the needs of Aroostook County. Thirdly, there is a question as to the possible impact on the proposed Ashland to Quebec construction. I am sure that Maine people would want to weigh the answers to these questions, among others, before arriving at any final conclusions with respect to the proposal.

I raise these questions, not to discourage the discussion of any constructive proposals aimed at developing closer ties between Maine and the Maritime Provinces, as well as the rest of Canada, but only to pinpoint some of the problems that may be involved.

EDMUND S. MUSKIE,
Committee on Banking
and Currency
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I am happy to give my views on the Corridor Road, with the reservation that I cannot qualify as an expert either on highway or transportation problems.

It is obvious that a corridor through Maine provides the best route for a road between Quebec and New Brunswick. I can think of no important reason—other than financial—why our state and federal governments should not be willing to co-operate fully in making this road possible.

Such co-operation would set an excellent precedent. It would underline the fact that the problems of the United States and Canada are not international but mutual. It would contribute toward setting a pattern of thinking that would be especially beneficial to Maine.

If the pattern had been set years ago, Portland's value to Canada as a winter port would have been recognized and the attitude of Maine interests towards a corridor road would have been better conditioned.

The prosperity of Maine and Canada are closely linked. Maine is strategically located to provide many important services to Canada and Canada, to Maine.

If each will do all it can to help the other, great things will result.

ERNEST W. CHARD,
Managing Editor,
Press Herald - Evening Express,
Portland, Maine

Sir:

The several articles in the May issue referring to suggested highway routes through Maine are most interesting. There are several other subjects of great development significance to the Maritimes of Canada and Maine which I am sure that you will be discussing

in future issues. Multiple purpose development of the St. John River basin and Passamaquoddy Bay is a major project which intrigues me. Our respective areas have a most important joint interest in this potential. But, more about this later will naturally follow a working relationship which I hope that we may establish now, in the interests of our common problems.

JAMES C. OLIVER,
Member of Congress,
House of Representatives,
Congress of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Bottles

Sir:

I have read the article of the bottles with messages being thrown into the water and picked up in far away places [*The Atlantic Advocate*, April, 1959].

Several years ago, our small son placed a message in a tiny bottle and tossed it into the Wichita River, which runs through our town. Four years later it was picked up on the beach off the coast of Vancouver, at Victoria. Would there be any part of an explanation as to how it got to the west coast of British Columbia?

If you have an answer to this, I would appreciate hearing about it, as the incident has been a puzzle to everyone.

MRS. D. F. LUCE,
1126 Sunset Lane,
Wichita Falls, Texas

¶ The currents of the seas are extremely complex, as Gordon Gaskill's article stated. Your son's message may have drifted around the tip of South America or it may have travelled right around the world. It seems unlikely that any person would have carried it from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.—Ed.

Salmon Angling

Sir:

Before the turn of the century my father and mother, both born and raised in Douglas across the river from Fredericton, moved to Maine where we were all born and raised.

As a teenager I spent time every summer with my relatives along the river. Since 1947 I have enjoyed approximately three weeks, during late August and early September, fishing salmon in the Saint John, Nashwaak, Southwest and Northwest Miramichi rivers.

My Aunt Jane sent me *The Atlantic Advocate* as a Christmas present and I certainly have enjoyed the four copies I have already received. Particularly have I enjoyed reading "Salmon River Development" in the April issue.

H. H. DUNPHY,
1401 Beacon Street,
Brookline, Mass.

Festival Winners

Sir:

In the May edition of your magazine a paragraph concerning the New Brunswick Regional Drama Festival gave a misleading impression as to the distribution of awards. Whereas the Saint John Players won the festival award for the best play, "Miss Julie", and Mrs. Walker won the best actress award for her splendid performance in the same play, Michael Gordon of the University of New Brunswick Drama Society won the best actor award for the third consecutive year. It may be of interest for readers to know that another well-known New Brunswick resident, Miss Anneke Deichmann, won the best supporting actress award.

JOHN DREW,
University of New Brunswick
Drama Society,
Fredericton, N.B.

Continued on page 92

The Dawn of Good Omen

Who can tell what power of good may be unleashed this month of June by the coming of the Queen? The last time she was in Canada her Speech from the Throne brought good news to the Atlantic Provinces.

Her arrival in Newfoundland on June 18th, and her passage through the provinces with Prince Philip this month and next will have spiritual significance far beyond the holiday mood of celebration and rejoicing that will sweep through the continent like a summer storm.

Turning over the pages of Eric Partridge's new etymological dictionary "Origins", a joy and a delight to anyone who has a fancy for words and their origins, we found that Elizabeth is derived from the Greek name Eleisabeth and the Hebrew Elīsheba', meaning literally "God is (an) oath", hence "Consecrated to God". Holiday is Holy Day derived from old Norse *heill*, good omen and *dagr*, daybreak; so we get for the day of the visit of Queen Elizabeth the words: "She who is consecrated to God comes at the dawn of good omen."

☆ ☆ ☆

It would be hard to find words more apt to the occasion. It may be that we shall be reminded, as we see duty so well done by the Queen, that we have our own duty to perform. We have it in our own power, by our own insistence through our democratic institutions, to change our lot and to change the economic conditions of the Atlantic area.

Are we at the dawn of good omen?

We can be, if we take the trouble to understand our present plight and to be positive in our resolve to remedy it.

In income we are thirty-six per cent below the average for the rest of Canada, and fifty per cent below that of Ontario. We buy most of our requirements from Central Canada, and pay out something in the order of a billion dollars a year for them.

The present disparity is man-made. By man it can be remedied, and quickly. The remedy is not being applied.

Take the concentration of industry in Central Canada, for instance. Our national planners placed eighty-seven per cent of our defence contracts in Central Canada during the years 1939 to 1945 of World War II. They placed 3.6 per cent in the Atlantic Provinces. The tendency persists. The present proportion of Canada's secondary industries in Ontario and Quebec is eighty-seven per cent. The proportion of Canada's wages and salaries paid out in the Atlantic Provinces is 3.6 per cent. The figures are easy to remember, for they repeat themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆

Our local disability can be cured by the Atlantic Resolutions which our legislators are pledged to give us. We wait for the National Development Programme, the Capital Projects Programme, and the policy of Industrial Decentralization. The other unfulfilled Resolution was "The adjustment of freight rates and provision of transportation facilities to allow our producers reasonable access to the markets of Canada". We have come a step nearer to this object by the announcement of the Royal Commission "*to enquire into problems relating to railway transportation and the alleviating of inequities in the freight rate structure . . . their incidence upon the various regions of Canada including the situation of the long haul regions in the West and in the Atlantic region; also obligations imposed upon the railways by law for reasons of public policy, and what can and should be done to ensure a more equitable distribution of such burden.*"

There is general satisfaction in the Atlantic Provinces that Mr. Howard Mann, Executive Manager of the Maritimes Transportation Commission is a member of the Royal Commission. He is a professional expert on the subject who holds the confidence of the region. No one could better represent us.

A strange feature of the Royal Commission is the question of the exclusion of the Crowsnest Pass rates from the scope of its enquiry. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has stated that the Crowsnest Pass rates are part of a bargain between the railways and the Government on the one hand and the settlers who went West on the other hand; and that the Government will see to it that that contract will not be broken. Later the question was raised in the following exchange:

Mr. Chevrier: "Am I correct in the assumption I have made that the Royal Commission is not to give consideration to the Crowsnest Pass rates?"

Mr. Diefenbaker: "I have not challenged the Hon. Member's interpretation."

Mr. Chevrier: "Then I take it I was correct in my assumption."

☆ ☆ ☆

It would seem from the terms of reference to the Royal Commission that no words of the Prime Minister on the floor of the House bar the Crowsnest Pass rates from consideration. How otherwise can it examine the obligations imposed upon the railways by law; or recommend what can and should be done to ensure a more equitable distribution of them?

The Prime Minister has guaranteed the Western farmers against any freight increase. Yet it is evidently the task of the Royal Commission to examine the operation of the Crowsnest Pass rates as well as the Maritime Freight Rates Act. It is clear that no freight increases will be made to the grain-growing farmers, and the Atlantic Provinces will find no fault with that. Mr. Diefenbaker has said that the Government will honour its undertaking to the Western settlers. The Atlantic Provinces will not only approve his determination to keep that promise, but will be heartened by his assurances; for we look for the same sense of obligation in respect of our Atlantic Resolutions.

There appears to be a good case for the railways to be compensated for the cost to them of the Crowsnest Pass rates. They are a burden on the railways which the railways have to pass on to other users.

The extent of the burden is not generally recognized.

The Crowsnest Pass agreement requires the railways to carry grain to the Lakeheads (Fort William and Port Arthur) and to the ports of Vancouver and Churchill at rates which prevailed in 1897, approximately half a cent a ton/mile. Freights have increased since the end of World War II by 157 per cent. The rate for grain would be at least trebled today under normal conditions. The railways received last year $70 million under Crowsnest rates. Normal 1959 charges would have been at least $210 million. An anomaly of such mammoth proportion cannot be excluded from the consideration of the Royal Commission.

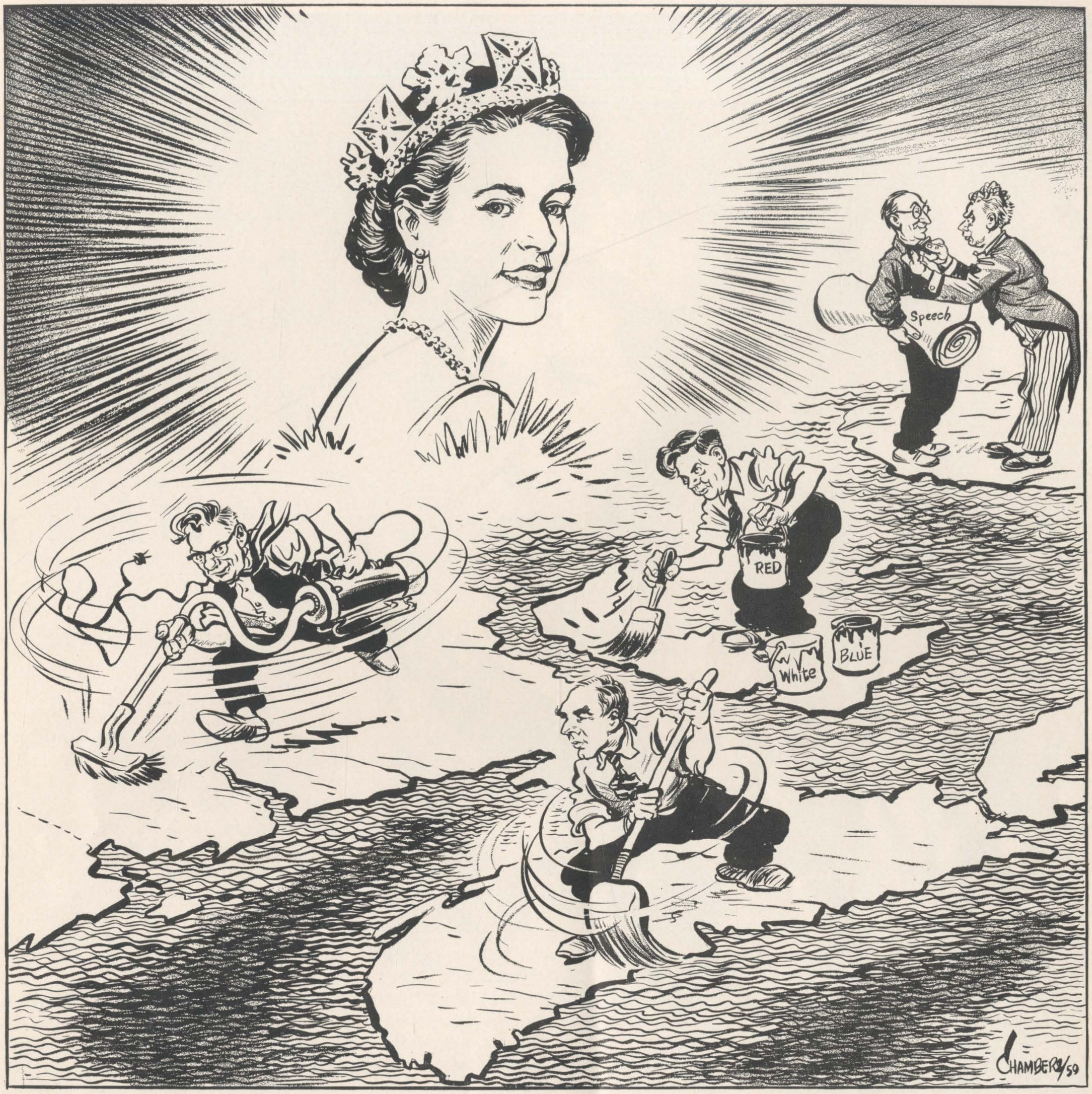
☆ ☆ ☆

Transportation is the crux of Atlantic economic problems. Glad as we are that the Royal Commission is announced, we wish that the whole subject of transportation as it affects this region could be examined at one time. Transportation by rail, road, sea, canal and air are so closely related that they cannot be separated.

We have three transportation projects which should be accepted as necessary public works projects to be carried out by the Federal Government. All would be prudent investments. None is inflationary. They are the Chignecto Canal, the Causeway to Prince Edward Island, and the Corridor Road through Maine. The capital cost of the three would be about $250 million.

The Chignecto Canal has been demanded for close on three hundred years. The demand should be pressed with all our might. It is in danger of being shelved once more.

"For a Very Special Visitor"



The Federal Government is examining the one-lock plan of Foundation of Canada Engineering Corporation and is attempting to assess toll revenue from canal traffic which can be firmly estimated at this time. That is a necessary preliminary; but it cannot be the criterion by which the decision for or against the Chignecto canal should be made.

For three hundred years the people of the Atlantic region have known that they must have that outlet: that industry would come and would thrive because of it. To apply a measurement of industry which exists without it as evidence that the canal is or is not necessary would be illogical; it is a reminder of the old riddle about which came first, the egg or the chicken. We know that we must have the canal, and that industry will thrive with it, and because of it, and will not be established without it.

The causeway to P.E.I. has the complete justification of being more economical than keeping ferries in operation on a scale necessary for the future development of the island. Therefore we should get a decision in its favour very soon. The one thing that needs to be guarded against here is the possible obstruction to the shipping lane which would come into being as a result of the canal. The causeway as at present contemplated would almost certainly be incompatible with the canal. The canal must be given the right-of-way as bringing greater benefit to more people, including Prince Edward Islanders. That means that the causeway may have to go back to the drawing-board.

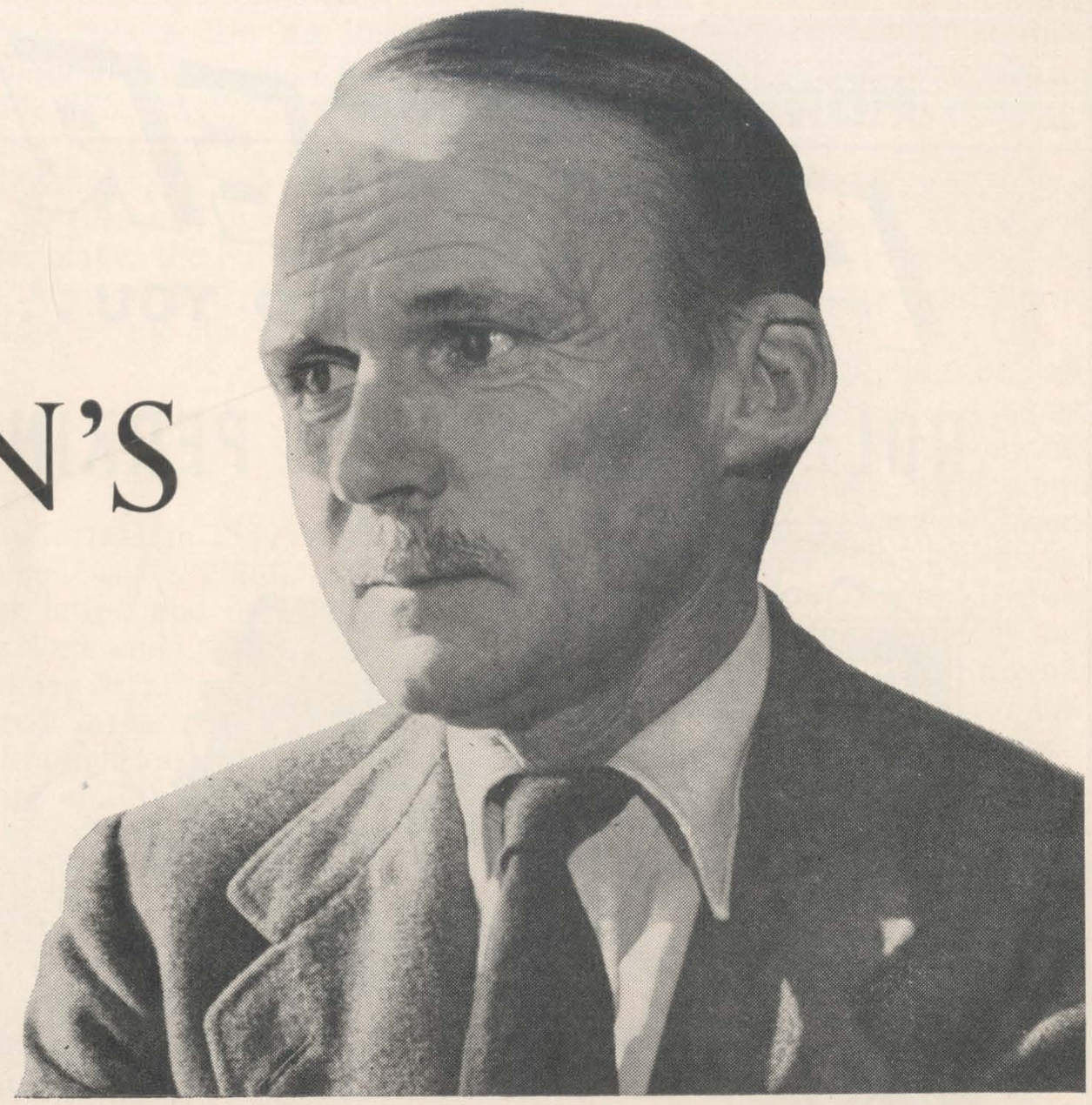
The Corridor Road through Maine could bring immense advantage to the whole Atlantic area by greatly speeding and cheapening transportation between the Maritime Trans-Canada Highway and central industrial Canada. This can only come as a result of proposals made by Ottawa to Washington.

These three capital projects, the three C's, together with a new national transportation policy recommended by the Royal Commission, with a long-term coal policy and a new deal for Newfoundland, would add up to an Atlantic policy that would bring prosperity to the area. We have the raw materials. With the federal aid here outlined we could develop them and prosper.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

a portrait painted by Robin Watt, and presented to Government House, Halifax, by the Sir James Dunn Foundation.

LET ALL THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN LEARN



by **DAVID WALKER**

THE ENGLISH spring grows slowly. It is very different in the Maritimes of Canada. A month ago, at the beginning of May, there were still white patches down in the woods, and the first daffodils were breaking the ground. Our spring comes late to hasten into summer. It came with a special delight this year after one of the hardest winters in memory.

It will please all Canadians, and particularly us by the Atlantic, that when the Queen comes with summer, she will first visit Newfoundland, the tenth and the newest Province of Canada. There are those who refer to Newfoundland as the 'youngest Province', as if old Canada had embraced a stripling. But they do not imply an impertinence. They are merely bedizened with journalese. For that island and its fishing grounds were known to our European forebears long before they had heard of Canada. But age is not of importance. What matters is the breed; and we are proud to have with us as Canadians the stout people of the new found land, an island of hardy fishers, an island where men are poets for themselves.

So it is fitting that on the eighteenth of June, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip will first touch Canada at Newfoundland. Then—but after a journey—begins a journey of many thousand miles by sea and inland waterway and lake, by air and rail and road. In the six weeks and three days of that journey they will see more of Canada than all but a few Canadians—among whom would be our revered Governor-General, Mr. Massey—have seen in a lifetime.

From Newfoundland the Queen flies to the Province of Quebec to board *Britannia* at Seven Islands. Thence the royal yacht will sail up the St. Lawrence by Quebec and Montreal, and through the St. Lawrence Seaway, the formal opening of which, by the Queen and President Eisenhower, will be the great event of this royal tour.

It is not my purpose to follow the way of that progress in detail. Suffice to say that by the time the Queen and the Prince reach Port Arthur, Lake Superior, on the ninth of July, they will already have travelled over two thousand miles in Canada by salt and fresh water. Six provinces will lie to the east, four to the west, and two vast territories to the north.

The Queen will visit Alberta and British Columbia, will fly to Fort Yukon, and back over the valley of the Mackenzie, one of the greatest and least known rivers of the world, to Yellowknife in the North West Territories; and on by Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. What a ring there is to those familiar names!

And what a journey this will be—how many places to be glimpsed, how many faces to be passed by, how many hands to be shaken, how many 'few words of welcome' to be heard out, how many banquets to be attended. The journey will allow the Queen to see her Canadian people, and it will allow the Canadian people to see their Queen. Both aspects are equally important, and that the Queen recognizes this, there can be no doubt. The proof lies in the Commonwealth journeys which she and Prince Philip have made, sometimes together and sometimes separately. Prince Philip's services may have been of lesser symbolic importance, but they have been signally and vitally valuable to the Empire.

Statistics are tiresome things; no doubt the sum of the journeys placed end to end would reach to the moon or further; and everyone now knows the distance to the moon.

Not everyone, however, knows or takes time to think what a royal tour entails for Royalty. If these tours were formal and perfunctory affairs, conducted in remote majesty, they would still be exacting. But they are in no sense perfunctory. It is not possible to know about a world of places, about a hundred peoples and their problems, their joys and their sorrows, without hard application. It is not possible, day in and out, for seven years now, to show interest in those places and care for those people without truly feeling that interest and that care. In other words, some of the things might be smudged some of the time, but none

DAVID WALKER

David Walker is the author of "The Storm and the Silence", "Geordie", "The Pillar", "Digby", "Harry Black", and "Sandy was a Soldier's Boy", as well as the writer of many successful short stories. He won the Governor-General's Awards for Fiction in 1952 and 1953. "Geordie" and "Harry Black" have been filmed, and "Geordie" was a best seller in Britain. "Digby" and "Harry Black" have been published as condensed books by Reader's Digest.

Mr. Walker lives in a pleasant country house near St. Andrews, New Brunswick, with his wife Willa, the daughter of Colonel Allan A. Magee, and four young sons, Giles, Barclay, David and Julian. He is a member of the Canada Council, Litt.D. (University of New Brunswick), and was awarded the M.B.E. after the war in recognition of his escape attempts. He had spent the five years 1940-1945 as a prisoner of war, the last two years in the grim castle of Colditz.

It was as a prisoner of war that he began writing, partly as a relief from the intolerable tedium of prison life and partly, he believes, as the result of an urge that had been consciously and sub-consciously working within him always. In "The Pillar" he gave a composite picture of the life of prisoners of war and his story of escaping is written from personal experiences.

He has travelled widely, and has made journeys to the Northwest Territories twice, once down the Mackenzie in summer, and in 1956 made a 700 miles dog-sled trip up Victoria Island and back. Before writing "Harry Black" he went to India.

Mr. Walker was born and brought up in Britain, educated at Shrewsbury and the Royal Military College, commissioned in The Black Watch and served with his regiment in India from 1932 to 1936. Then, after a year in the Sudan, he came to Canada as A.D.C. to Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General, and remained at Ottawa until the eve of the war. He was married in July 1939.

After the war, he served on the staff of the Staff College, then returned to India and became Comptroller to Lord Wavell, the Viceroy. He retired after Lord Wavell's termination of office.

In 1948 Mr. Walker returned to live in Canada. He is at present working on a new novel.

of the things could be smudged all of the time.

The Queen promised that she would dedicate her life to her Commonwealth. She has never failed in carrying out that conception of her duty. *She has never failed.* Which of us could say such a thing for ourselves?

This is a time when denigration is fashionable, a time when iconoclasts use their clever pipsqueak brains to vent the spleen of their own inadequacy, to mock almost everything. Such a clueless cynicism is more prevalent in Britain than in Canada. But here—and it may be a like ill in a less sophisticated society—here we find a growing tendency to the belief that no man acts from honourable motives, but always with an eye to some hidden main chance of personal advantage. But if we do not believe that men can act from motives of honour, then how shall we breed men of honour? Or, to come to the point, what justification can there be for our freedom?

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These may seem odd sentiments to propound in an article about the Queen's visit to Canada. They are not. We teach our children the human virtues—to be unselfish, to finish a job begun, to tell the truth, be kindly, moderate and the rest. But we all know that teaching by loud exhortation tends to be a waste of time. The best and only true teacher of manners is example. Which is not to say that the rebuke and the good right hand cannot serve a healthy corrective purpose.

Queen Elizabeth is both a symbol and a person. She is, most largely, the symbol of that league of unfettered friends which is known as the British Commonwealth of Nations. In Canada, she is the symbol of our dignity, perhaps a better word than our heritage. There are those who say that the symbolical aspect of a constitutional monarchy is more important than the person of the monarch, that to stress the personal aspect is to subscribe to a suspect 'cult of personality'. There is force to this argument, because if the Queen Person were to eclipse the Queen Symbol not only might there arise constitutional hazards, but also the demands upon and expectations of the Queen's person, from being already great would become intolerable.

It may also be held that any human office, however exalted, is occupied by a person, and upon the quality of that person depends the strength of that office. Many monarchies have gone, but ours has survived. Why? Not because it is powerless and provides a peepshow. For the plain reason of plain human quality.

The bonds that hold Canadians to the Crown, I believe, are no longer strong through a traditional or formal loyalty alone. The strength or weakness of those bonds comes more and more to depend upon our love and respect for the person of our Sovereign. This, if true, makes the burden on our Queen still heavier. Yet, if it is true, we are blessed by the character of our Queen.

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It was my fortune in 1939, when the present Queen was a child, to see a little of her father and mother, King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth, during another royal tour. Then, too, they covered large distances across Canada, although lesser distances at a slower tempo than will be the case in 1959. I was an aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of that time, and saw the King and Queen for some days at Government House in Ottawa, and again when they sailed from Halifax in the *Empress of Britain.*

My memories of the good King and Queen stay with me after these twenty years. They were a couple strong within themselves. When the day and the banquet were over, they would sit off alone together in the drawing room, drinking their cups of tea. Nor was the King only the dutiful servant of his realm. He could administer merited rebuke to his staff with what may be described as a splendid impartiality and sailorly forcefulness.

They were extraordinary people only in that they gave themselves with an extraordinary devotion. From such parents has come our Queen. To many of us she still seems a girl in years. To many of us she abides in that other compartment of ageless age that children reserve for grown-ups.

So, at thirty-three, the Queen seems young to us or old to us. But we are all the children of the Queen. This is not only because she is our Queen, a symbol that makes all men the children of dignity. It is because the Queen gives the bright years of her life as much to us as to her own son and daughter.

I said a while ago that the best and only true teacher of manners is example. We have such an example. It is an example set with humility, for selfless people do not ascribe virtue to themselves.

The Queen stands apart from all controversy, unable to answer criticism, the servant of us, her capricious children. And we are confused. Either free man will master the machine; or the machine—of the cogwheel variety or the communist variety—will enslave free man. The machines grow more powerful and more complex, but it will not be through complexity of thought that free men will match them. It can be only through the profound simplicities of human worth.

The Queen's life of service to us is a light along this very path. We would walk more strongly if sometimes she were to chide us for our doubts and disillusionment.

Some people, and I am one, are alarmed at the intensity and the rush of modern royal tours. We know that the Queen must see her Peoples and that her Peoples must see their Queen. But we feel that the demands upon her have grown too great, indeed monstrous, to justify the provision of that fleeting glimpse. Furthermore, there is an unreality about it, a procession and a passing—but did it really happen? An enemy of the age is hurry, and it might seem anomalous that our serene, unhurried Queen should lend support, by her self-sacrifice, to that febrile enemy.

We would prefer that the Queen's progress through our summer land were made more easy for her. Best of all, we would like that one summer soon the Queen should live quietly with us, even away from us, in respite from the burden of her travels. On those mornings we would wake to know that the Queen of Canada was truly here. And on those mornings the Queen would wake to know the stillness of her kingdom.

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If Canada—why not Australia and the rest? If British Columbia—why not Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, those grand familiar names? The envies and the jealousies—how could there be an end to them? There very easily could be an end to them if we in Canada and the Queen's Peoples everywhere showed toward the Queen but a small fraction of the self-denial that she displays for us.

This royal tour will end, as it begins, in the Atlantic Provinces. The Queen and Prince Philip will be in New Brunswick on the 28th and 29th of July, in Prince Edward Island on the 30th; then in Nova Scotia until the 2nd of August, when they fly to England. Our spring comes late to hasten into summer; but our Maritime summer, moody though it can be, is the finest in the world. We must cross our fingers for royal weather.

Let us think in those days about the example that the Queen sets for us. Let us go with our children and see that example for ourselves. Let all the Queen's children learn.

A Flag for Canada

by HARRY P. WADE

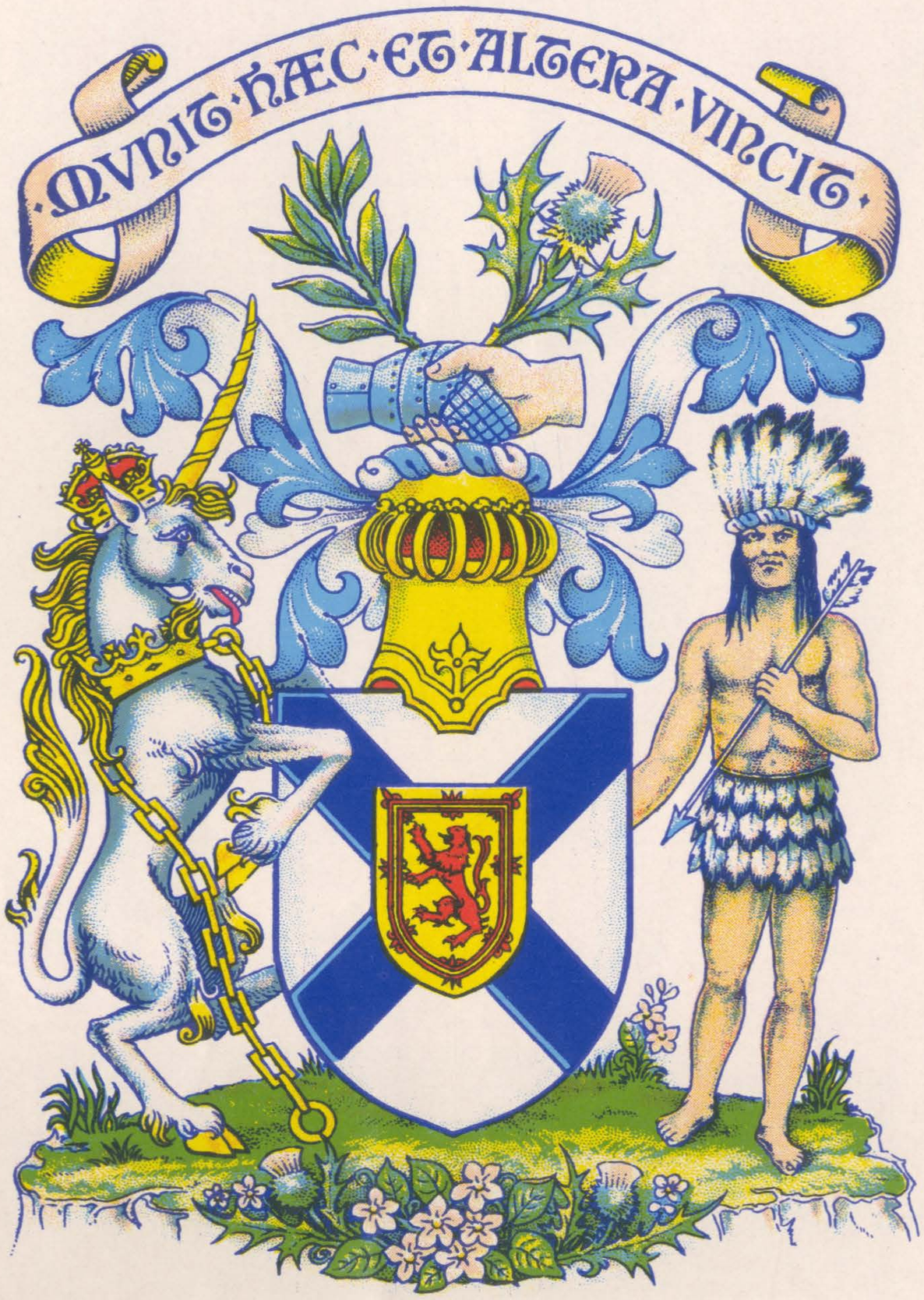
NOVA SCOTIA has the proud distinction of being the only Province of Canada and the first Colony of Great Britain to possess, through Royal Charter, a flag of its own. The Flag of Nova Scotia traces its origin to the Charter of New Scotland granted in 1621 to Sir William Alexander (afterwards the Earl of Stirling) by King James VI of Scotland and I of England.

SINCE CANADA GAVE UP her dominion status by the Statute of Westminster, much has been said and written on the propriety of this country having a distinctive national flag. The trend in this direction has been clear. The *distinctive* proponents support the Union Jack and red, white and blue ensigns for the United Kingdom or other Commonwealth countries, but not for Canada. They want a distinctively Canadian flag. The *non-distinctive* exponents protest vigorously against any non-Union-Jack flag, claiming the British flag as their own. The choosing or selecting of a flag for Canada, therefore, becomes quite controversial.

What is the specific purpose or idea in having or flying a flag? In olden days banners identified armies in war or an armada at sea and became the insignia of the country represented. Flags have been used on ceremonial occasions for centuries and flown also to mark and identify certain territory as belonging to a specific country, as for instance when Admiral Peary planted a flag on the North Pole; a flag is also flown by a ship entering a harbour to identify her country of registry; or flown over the door of a foreign consulate for identity. The general purpose is quite easily understood and usually recognized.

Admitting then that national flags serve a purpose, we ask why Canada merits or needs a distinctive flag and what advantages or benefits would accrue and to whom? The answer is that it is customary for self-governing countries to possess a distinguishing flag, for the purpose of registration and as a symbol of nationhood. Such a flag would accentuate Canadian maturity. The most important benefit perhaps, is the popular acceptance and public sanction of a national emblem, signifying in a tangible way our political unity as Canadians.

Why should Canada require a distinctive flag? Why isn't the Union Jack considered to be truly national or distinctive? Well the first and most obvious reason that comes to mind is that the Union Jack belongs to another country, the United Kingdom, and could not be distinctively national for two countries. On the high



The Arms have a white (or silver) field with a blue cross in the shape of St. Andrew's, charged with an Inescutcheon of the Royal Arms of Scotland, the Royal Lion rampant, red on a gold field. At the sides are the "Supporters", the Royal Unicorn and a savage or wild man. Above the Arms is a helmet with "mantling", a blue and silver scroll, and over it the Crest, a spray of laurel and thistle issuing from two hands joined, one armed and the other bare.

The base is a cliff on which a spray of Mayflower (the floral emblem of Nova Scotia) and Thistle (the floral emblem of Scotland) grow intertwined.

seas and in the harbours of the world, including Canada, the Union Jack means Britain.

Then what general or specific virtues are of special significance in choosing a national and distinctive flag? Must a flag be emblematic of war or peace? Of historical origin or national accomplishment? Should it be pleasing in form, colour and design? Or accepted for its modernity or antiquity? Or must it proclaim individualism or some other virtue? Perhaps so, but it does seem that the predominant virtue should be that of *belonging;* that the emblem should belong to us, to Canada!

Although there has been no plebiscite, officials since 1945 have directed attention towards the selection of a distinctive, national flag for Canada. Of the 1,347 designs and patterns said to have been presented for endorsement, including one commended by Premier Frost, there has been no popular choice and little progress has been made in selection. Those wanting a distinctive flag reject the premier's design because, containing the Union Jack, it loses distinctiveness and becomes much like the red ensign. Much has been said and written of our attachment to the Union Jack as the flag that Canadians followed and fought for in wars. It is true; it is an expression of our loyalty to our traditions and in nowise establishes the Union Jack as Canada's flag. The relationship between Canada and the Union Jack has been exemplified and beautifully portrayed by the author of one of our finest war poems. This grand Canadian mother paid gracious tribute to her son, born in Montreal, enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, shot down in Flanders in

August 1917 before he was twenty. Here is the closing verse:

The Arms of France, and England's Flag!
These hold you, that you died to save.
And men lie round you, row on row
Great as Earth ever gave.
And Liberty will stand on guard
By every deathless grave!

The 'Arms of France and England's Flag'; perhaps too few of us pause to realize how much we owe to these great countries. But we must not claim their Union Jack nor Tricolour for our own. How could the flags of such great nations be considered as distinctively Canadian? And would it not be presumptuous as well as preposterous to claim them? We may fly these emblems with honour and pride on auspicious occasions, but not claim them for Canada as Canadian.

Of the others there must be some good and sufficient reason why not one of these hundreds of designs offered for endorsement have been accepted. What is that reason? Designs have been submitted featuring beasts and birds, beaver, geese, stars, maple leaves, stripes, checkers, triangles, crowns, maps, everything from simple code signs to hoola hoops. Some resembled a patch-work quilt and as such deserved an honourable mention. These colourful designs, many of them well executed, did not appeal to our natural and national sympathies and loyalties because they lacked historical connections or personal relationships not easily or suitably expressed by mere symbols on a red, blue, or even green background.

No distinctive flag could be considered as national that had no appeal for Canadians of French origin. There are no Canadians more loyal to Canada and her institutions. It must have wide acceptance in Quebec province. It must have general acceptance by Canadians of English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh origin and many others somewhat less connected with the founding but who have none the less contributed greatly to our upbuilding and expansion physically, culturally and spiritually. We would not be unmindful of those who are today making contemporary history. This flag is for all the people. There has been a lack of unanimity on the flag issue and although Canada has been confederated for nearly one hundred years, with forty years elapsed since the Statute of Westminster, no acceptable Canadian flag has been forthcoming. As a matter of fact two of our provinces are flying flags of their own, indicating either national unconcern or confusion rather than unanimity. We do much better settling other matters of national importance, including our selection every four years of a house of parliament and a government. And that reminds us of another matter. In our form of government no flag of any description could be afforded favourable acceptance without royal sanction. Concurrently with popular approval and acceptance, we would wish for and require the gracious consent and genuine approval of our sovereign Queen and head of the Commonwealth.

This maritime territory is recognized as the cradle of confederation. No part of Canada has been so saturated with Canadian history. Nowhere have the marks and consequences been more evident and real or the historical association of the competing races more rewarding. In reviewing the history of Nova Scotia and how this province came into possession of a flag, we learn much that is relevant both to a flag and to Canadian history. Nova Scotia's flag is a flag of peace acquired with the best of intentions, and to many Canadians of various racial origins the flag of Nova Scotia would satisfy most of the prerequisites of a truly national, distinctive, Canadian flag. It is committed so to be. At the time of the acquisition of her flag the boundaries of this colony were unlimited and undetermined, but at times extended to cover the Maritime Provinces as we know them today and part of Gaspé and Maine, as part of Acadia, seized from the French by Captain Argall in 1613. It is admittedly true that the flag became identified with the colony instead of the colonists, who, with their descendants trekked ever westward through the years and became interwoven in the fabric of Canadian civilization as it advanced westerly Canada-wide. Robert Randall McLeod in his history of Marland says: "The history of this little peninsula of Nova Scotia takes us upon the arena where great questions of national destiny were settled for ever. History as a mere relation of royal successions, court intrigues, military marching, and battles by the sea and land, is scarcely worth reading, but it is the philosophy of history that sets us to thinking, the motive why they did this and so, why empires rise and fall, why a mere handful becomes a great nation, why national ambitions are humbled in the dust, and "right doing exalteth a nation".

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Canada was founded in Nova Scotia by Samuel de Champlain at Port Royal in 1605. This famous explorer and Christian gentleman and chief geographer to King Henry IV of France wrote six volumes in French about his discoveries, including his discovery of Port Royal.

In the first volume we read: "Continuing two leagues on the same course, we entered one of the finest harbours I have seen on these coasts, where a couple of thousand vessels could lie in safety. The entry is eight hundred paces wide and leads into a port two leagues long and one league wide which I named 'Port Royal'." He built the Port Royal Habitation in 1606 and remained there for two years, occupied the Governor's house and was the most famous member of the colony. When the Pilgrim fathers sailed into Plymouth in 1620 in the *Mayflower*, the French had already settled a Post at Port Royal fourteen years earlier, as well as the Fort of Louisbourg.

In 1621 at the court of King James I of England, Sir William Alexander, a Scottish knight, was encouraged to found a colony in America. There was already a New England and a New France and a New Spain and naturally a New Scotland was contemplated. And so Sir William Alexander (afterwards the Earl of Stirling) was granted a Royal Charter for this objective. The project was to colonize Acadia. It matured slowly, but was not given up, and the royal charter was reconfirmed in 1624 by Charles I when he succeeded to the throne of his father.

Through Sir William the colony-to-be was granted in 1625 the Royal Coat of Arms, the oldest of all Arms borne by any overseas dominion and from this heraldic device was derived the flag of Nova Scotia, the oldest and first of the British provinces to have a flag of its own. There is a colourful story here of the selling of baronetcies for or in this colony—over a hundred of them—worth about one hundred and sixty-six pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence each and some of these titles are held today. Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, died in 1640.

Under King Charles the new Colony of Nova Scotia was added to France by the Treaty of Saint Germain-en-Laye in 1632. Under Oliver Cromwell the colony was regained for the English. Charles La Tour in conjunction with Thomas Temple and others obtained a grant of it from Cromwell. La Tour sold his rights to Temple, who held them until the colony was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda in 1667.

Nova Scotia was again taken for the English by the capture of Port Royal by Sir William Phipps in 1690 and remained an English possession for seven years until France took it back by the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697. But there was no peace and Port Royal was recaptured by the English in 1710 and held until a peace was signed between the French and the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. By this deal the mainland area of the colony, as well as Newfoundland (Argentia) and up to Hudson's Bay, was deemed to be British, while Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island (Isle de St. Jean) and Canada (Quebec) were retained by France.

The French and English were constantly at war and the hostilities of the two races made the life of a pioneer dangerous and exciting as he strove for a living and a profit from the fisheries and the fur trade with the Indians. In these years Canada was born. Nova Scotia and her

flag have played a major part in Canadian history and have provided a common meeting ground for the two dominant races continuously in war and in peace. And since the founding of Halifax in 1749; since the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 and their return; since the battle for Canada was joined in 1759; since Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton came under the government of Nova Scotia in 1763 and since that part of the colony north of the Bay of Fundy seceded and became known as New Brunswick in 1784—this flag, presented by charter by the king of England and Scotland to a founder of a colony in America that has become Canada, has been flying in Canada and widely recognized. Yes, this could be a distinctive national flag for Canada. An emblem which can perpetuate the past, embodying a Royal Coat of Arms that has survived the centuries and is still flying, is indeed an exclusively *distinctive* token, and will be more greatly cherished as time goes on. It speaks of the beginnings; it harks back to the struggles that took place on the threshold of our Canadian civilization and it has remained with us through the years to a new era of understanding.

This is a beautiful flag with a white background like our snow-clad winter hills and plains; the alluring blue cross extending diagonally from corner to corner has the pleasing shade of summer skies or coastal rivers; in the centre is the Scottish Royal Coat of Arms granted by the king to his subject as a challenge to found a colony in America; this shield has, in red on a gold field, a lion rampant within a double "tressure" or shield outline ornamented with fleurs-de-lis on the outer and inner edges; the design is distinctively beautiful. This flag is attractive in colour, with a clean look, and derives distinction by its ancient ties with Canada and its races entangled in colonization—the royal lion with the cross of Scotland and the fleur-de-lis of France! It excites no jealousies or resentments among our people here in the Atlantic provinces nor will it nation-wide. It is no stranger to New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island nor Newfoundland and it is submitted that Nova Scotia could not do better than share her flag with her sister provinces from coast to coast. For where else can she find something that she can be so proud to present and yet, in the presenting, still retain? And what flag has yet asserted such a valid claim for approval and acceptance?

And so it comes about that this Royal Coat of Arms belongs in the wider sense to all of Canada and her people, and her ancestors gone before, who by their strenuous and valiant exertions have succeeded in the realization of those early motives, ambitions and achievements as set out and imposed by the Charter. Ours is not a civilization evolved by chance! Can we acknowledge that the purpose of the Charter has been or is being fulfilled? Can we, or will we, comprehend and acknowledge the contributions and achievements made jointly and severally by these strong arms of two great nations now embodied in Canada? Does this same Canada today await a *sign* that will revive our memory and awaken our national conscience?

We Canadians in Nova Scotia are proud of our flag. For Canada as a whole there are searching questions for each and every one to answer. Can we as individuals, regardless of country of origin, race, provincial-mindedness or other considerations concede to each other the right to equal representation on all matters of national importance and concern? Can we as a nation select and accept by common consent a flag by which we may be proudly and appropriately identified? If so, we can do much to honour our gracious Sovereign who in this month comes to visit us, and by doing so do much to honour and dignify our country and ourselves. The dedication of a flag for Canada and the reconsecration of all her people for her greater excellence, could be a fitting tribute to this and future generations, 'if aught of ancient worth be there'.

ABANDONED HOUSE

The mice have left this house and swallows brood here,
flying with their peculiar jerky grace
in through the highest windows that still hold
odd glass that on clear evenings reflects
the sunset, turning all its colours lonesome
and strangely cold. And small, pink roses, once
covered with bags against the cold and patterned
around the porch, grow wild in every corner
of lawns so deep and snarled a cat might cross
and not be seen. Only the smaller boys
enter this house if dared and leave on finding
everything that it's fun to break is broken.

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NATURE'S CALENDAR

by BRUCE WRIGHT

FARMERS, LUMBERMEN, GARDENERS, wildlife workers, and nature lovers of all kinds have a keen interest in the progress of the seasons. It is not only of practical value to know what may be expected to happen next week, but it is a source of real pleasure to people who follow the bird arrivals and the development of the various flowers and plants as a most rewarding hobby. I have been engaged in this sort of work both professionally and as a hobby in the Fredericton district for thirteen years, and for my own use I have drawn up a calendar to tell me what to expect from week to week in the natural world throughout the year.

This natural calendar is based on my own work, on the observations of foresters, and the published records for the district. The list of bird arrivals indicates by certain well-known species which are conspicuous in this region when the different types of birds may be expected. The dates of flowering of the various plants of the great marshes of the St. John River tell the story of the annual development of these important wildlife areas. The dates of slipping of the bark tell the woods worker when he can get on with the important job of peeling his pulp.

Here is a typical year in the Fredericton district. This district is taken to cover the area from Grand Lake to Scotch Lake, and from New Maryland to the Acadia Forest Experimental Station.

January

Moose and deer become more restricted as the snow deepens and antlers are dropped. Horned owls pair.

February

Moose and deer yard in years of heavy snow. Tick-starvation complex begins on moose. Predators concentrate about deer yards. Horned owls nest.

March

Snow settles and travelling without skis or snowshoes becomes possible. Panthers, bobcats, and coyotes are hunting full circuits. Bald eagles make inland reconnaissances from the coast. Moose and deer are tightly yarded in deep snow years. Foxes are mating and young horned owls hatch.

4th week: Eastern robin, goldeneyes, black ducks and Canada geese arrive.

April

The snow melts and rivers and lakes break up. Salmon kelts return to the sea. Some moose die from tick-starvation complex, and calving begins. Snowshoe hares turn brown, and bears emerge. Deer lines in overpopulated districts are very noticeable in cedar swamps. Bald eagles arrive, and American mergansers follow the edge of the break-up. Turtles emerge.

1st week: In the uplands, grackles arrive; and woodcock arrive, nest and lay their first eggs. In the lowlands black ducks nest and begin laying.

2nd week: In the upland forests the white-crowned sparrow, the eastern bluebird, and the eastern purple finch arrive. In the lowlands wood ducks, killdeer, ospreys and great blue herons arrive.

3rd week: Northern flickers, vesper sparrows, yellow-bellied sapsuckers arrive in the upland forests, and the first white spruce seedlings appear.

Red-winged blackbirds, scaup, mallards, ring-necked ducks and green-winged teal arrive in the lowlands.

4th week: Savannah sparrows, whip-poor-wills, eastern hermit thrushes, tree swallows, eastern grasshopper sparrows, white-throated sparrows, eastern phoebes, eastern chipping sparrows, purple martins, and myrtle warblers arrive in the upland forests.

Snipe, bitterns, kingfishers, and blue-winged teal arrive in the lowlands, and red maple buds burst.

May

Moose calves and deer fawns are dropped. Beaver kits are born and grouse and woodcock nests hatch. Gaspereaux and salmon start running. Deer and moose are shedding winter coats and begin using natural mineral licks heavily. Antlers begin to develop on bucks and bull moose. Ospreys nest.

1st Week: On the uplands, blue-headed vireos arrive, and goldthread and dewberry first appear above ground. Raspberry buds burst. First woodcock nests hatch.

In the lowlands, lesser yellow-legs arrive.

2nd week: In the upland forests the bark begins to slip on white spruce, larch and cedar. Red maple begins flowering. Barn swallows, black-and-white warblers and black-throated green warblers arrive. First grouse nests hatch.

In the lowlands, buds burst and flowering starts in alder and willow. Spotted sandpipers and water-thrushes arrive.

3rd week: A long list of birds arrive in the uplands during this week. The following are among them:—Least flycatcher, parula warbler, magnolia warbler, black-throated blue warbler, blackburnian warbler, chimney swift, eastern kingbird, bay-breasted warbler, ovenbird, yellow warbler, Baltimore oriole, catbird, red-eyed vireo, yellow-throated warbler, and bobolink. Young woodock are a-wing.

The bark begins to slip on balsam and white and red pine. The buds burst on larch, white birch and trembling aspen. Larch begins shedding pollen and trembling aspen begins flowering. The first balsam seedlings appear, and mayflower, strawberry, trillium and twinflower appear above ground. White violet, bunchberry, starflower, and false lily of the valley also appear. Sweet fern begins flowering, and nannyberry and blueberry buds burst.

In the lowlands the black duck nests begin to hatch and the males desert the females to gather in gangs and start their summer moult. The first black duck broods appear in the heavy cover of the alder-lined creeks and sloughs where the first hatch of insects provides ample food.

4th week: The following birds arrive in the upland forests: nighthawk, American redstart, olive-backed thrush, ruby-throated hummingbird, veery, chestnut-sided warbler, rose-breasted grosbeak, scarlet tanager and the eastern wood pewee. In the forest trees the buds burst in cedar, white spruce, wire birch, and white pine. The leaves are fully flushed in cedar by the end of the week. White birch begins flowering, and balsam and white spruce begin shedding pollen. Larch ends the pollen shedding period during the week. The first red spruce seedlings appear. Sarsaparilla and bracken appear above ground, and the buds burst on sweet fern, rhodora, lambkill, and Labrador tea. Goldthread, dewberry, trillium, rhodora, and white violet begin to flower. Trillium and mayflower reach their full growth this week, and the mayflowers fall.

June

Moose move into the lowlands and flytime begins.

Natural mineral licks are heavily used by moose and deer.

1st week: In the upland forests the buds burst in balsam and red spruce, and the flowers fall in red maple. The leaves are fully flushed in raspberry, blueberry, alder, trembling aspen, larch, white birch, and nannyberry. Red spruce and white pine begin shedding pollen. On the ground wintergreen first appears, and white violet, starflower, false lily of the valley and strawberry are fully grown. Blueberry, sarsaparilla, bunchberry and starflower begin flowering. The flowers fall on goldthread.

In the lowlands the first goldeneye broods appear.

2nd week: Balsam begins shedding pollen this week, and the leaves are fully flushed in red maple, wire birch, willow, and white spruce. The flowers have fallen in trembling aspen and white birch, and the fruit is ripe on alder. Bunchberry and sarsaparilla are fully grown, and flowering begins on raspberry, false lily of the valley and strawberry. The flowers have fallen on trillium, sweet fern, and dewberry.

Yellow pond-lilies are in flower in the lowlands.

3rd week: The leaves are fully flushed in balsam, and twinflower and dewberry are fully grown. The leaves are also fully flushed in lambkill and rhodora, and lambkill has started to flower. The flowers have fallen from rhodora, white violet, and wire birch by the end of the week. Red spruce stops shedding pollen.

4th week: Bracken and wintergreen are fully grown. Twinflower, Labrador tea, and nannyberry begin to flower. The leaves are fully flushed in red spruce,

Labrador tea and sweet fern, and the flowers have fallen in starflower, strawberry, raspberry and bunchberry. The fruits of red maple are ripe.

In the lowlands the pollen covers the sloughs and creeks with a fine green film.

July

The moose feed mainly on aquatic vegetation. The gaspereaux run passes its peak and the bald eagles summering in the estuary reach their peak of abundance. Female black ducks and goldeneyes are moulting. Deer and moose begin to desert the licks.

1st week: In the uplands the flowers fall on Labrador tea, false lily of the valley and sarsaparilla.

In the lowlands the first flightless black ducks and wood ducks appear, and the first broods of ringnecks hatch.

2nd week: The flowers fall on nannyberry, twinflower, and lambkill in the uplands, and the fruits ripen on willow and dewberry.

The first flying young goldeneyes appear along the river, and burreed is in bloom.

3rd week: Mayflower fruits ripen in the uplands, and the first flying young black ducks appear in the lowlands. Pickerelweed and white waterlilies bloom.

4th week: The fruit ripen on white violet, strawberry, goldthread, and sarsaparilla in the uplands, and wild rice blooms along the river.

August

Bucks and bull moose start rubbing off the velvet. Blue-winged teal begin drifting south, and bald eagles are leaving. Sea lampreys spawn and die. Ducks concentrate at the assembly points, and muskrats begin building push-ups and houses. Moose move to the uplands, and bears utilize the berry patches.

1st week: In the uplands the fruit ripens on rhodora, raspberry, bunchberry, starflower and trembling aspen.

In the lowlands wild celery is in bloom.

2nd week: In the uplands the fruits of blueberry, sweet fern, Labrador tea, and twinflower ripen. The annual height growth ends in wire birch, red maple, balsam, and white spruce. Red spruce cones reach full size.

3rd week: The height growth of red spruce and white birch ends, and winter buds form on alder and nannyberry. Flowering begins on wintergreen, but withering begins on starflower. The cones of balsam reach full size.

4th week: Height growth ends in larch and white pine, and winter buds form on willow, balsam, white spruce, white pine, red spruce and larch. Sweet fern and rhodora also form winter buds. Wintergreen flowers fall, and starflower begins to wither. The bark sticks on wire birch and white birch, and the fruits of false lily of the valley begin to ripen.

September

The blue-winged teal migration reaches its peak, and woodcock start drifting south. Flytime is over and the blackbirds begin flocking. The first of the northern ducks begin to arrive, and the moose rut starts. The moose calling season begins.

1st week: The bark sticks in red maple, white birch, and balsam, and the height growth ends in trembling aspen and cedar. The fruits ripen in nannyberry and lambkill, and winter buds form on raspberry, blueberry, and Labrador tea.

2nd week: The fruits ripen in wintergreen and wire birch, and larch cones reach full size. Winter buds form on lambkill and cedar, and the bark sticks on trembling aspen, white pine, and larch. Withering begins in bunchberry and bracken, and is completed in starflower.

3rd week: Trillium and sarsaparilla begin to wither, and bark sticks on white and red spruce. Red spruce cones begin to open, and those of white spruce and cedar reach full size.

4th week: Leaves fall from blueberry and the bark sticks on cedar. False lily of the valley begins to wither and trillium is completely withered.

October

The moose rut ends and the calling season is over. The deer rut is under way and they are shedding summer coats into the "blue". Local ducks are driven out by opening day shooting and migrants are passing through. Woodcock flights pass through and turtles hibernate. The last of the blue-winged teal pass through, and the first ice forms in shallow water.

1st week: White pine cones begin to open and leaves begin to fall in white birch, red maple, wire birch, lambkill and rhodora. Bracken is completely withered and goldthread begins to wither. Local ducks are mostly driven out of the marshes.

2nd week: Leaves begin to fall in trembling aspen, nannyberry, willow and alder. Withering is complete in false lily of the valley and sarsaparilla, and begins in dewberry.

3rd week: Almost all the leaves are off rhodora, and they begin to fall on sweet fern. Peak woodcock flights occur.

4th week: Most of the leaves have fallen in red maple, white birch, trembling aspen, wire birch and sweet fern. They begin to fall in raspberry. White spruce cones begin to open. Woodcock are mostly gone.

November

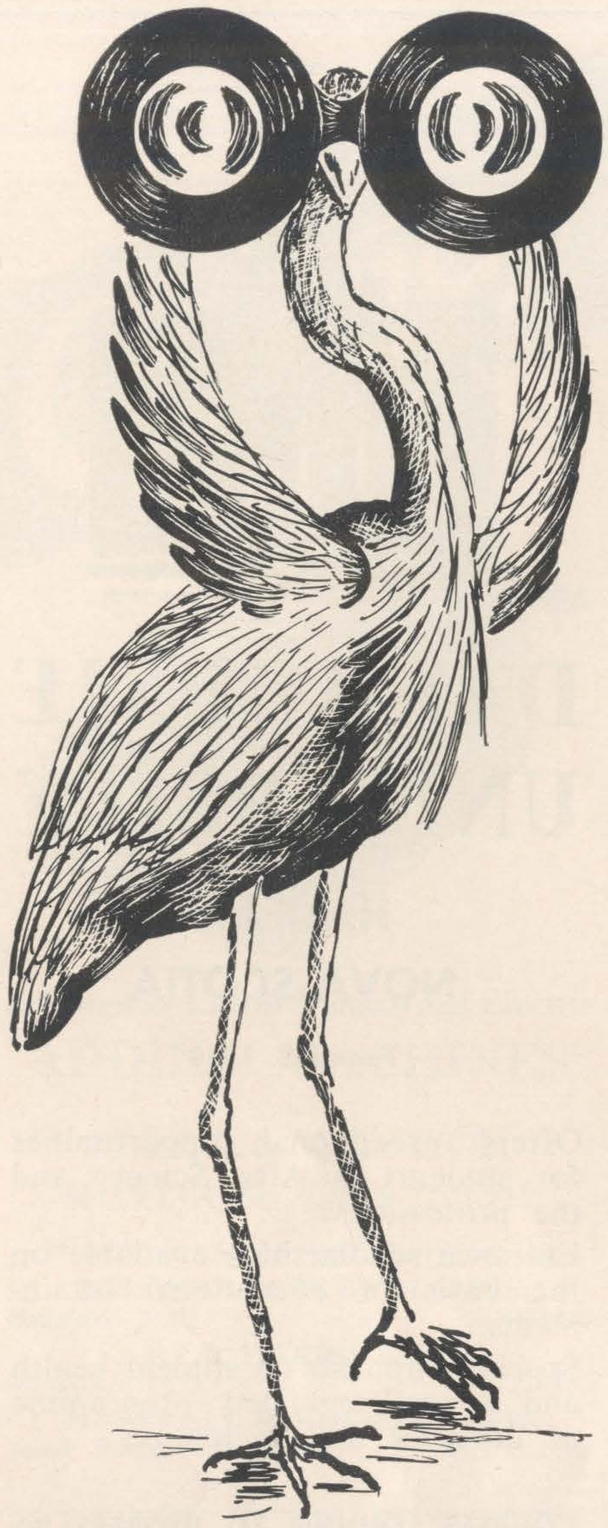
Last migrant waterfowl pass through. Deer rut ends and snowshoe hares start turning white. The first snow flurries come, and the marshes seal over. Weasels start turning white and fur becomes prime. The river freezes.

2nd week: Leaves fallen from alder and willow.

3rd week: Nannyberry and raspberry lose their leaves.

December

Early winter conditions prevail. Deer and moose wandering freely, and bears hibernate.



BIRD WATCHING

A popular game and how to play it

by D. KERMODE PARR

CONSIDER A CERTAIN May morning when my wife and I went wandering in and about the old Odell Wood in Fredericton. There were tree swallows exhibiting their grace of flight just over our heads in a clearing. In a thicket a redstart flirted his tail, showing off the red bar. A flock of goldfinches, bright in their yellow and black, flew chirp-chirping above, in great haste to get to some destination from which they immediately returned. On top of a bush a soberly-dressed song sparrow threw back his head and sang his familiar notes.

It was a vireo morning, too. First a red-eyed, then a warbling vireo, two more of the red-eyed, finally a blue-headed vireo. As they flitted about in the depths of greenery, we really needed the field-glasses to be sure of the black-and-white eyebrow stripes of the red-eyed vireo, the light unbordered eyebrow line of the warbling vireo, the wing-bars and gray head of the blue-headed vireo. (We have a special name for this one. He's chee-willy, because that's what his song sounds like and we knew the notes for years all over the province before seeing a bird utter them, until a day when one perched on a garden shrub six feet from us and sang, repeatedly. Luck is important in bird-watching!)

We rounded a turn in a woodland path and stopped, intent in delight. Against the green beauty of a beech in its fresh leaves there was a bird of gorgeous red with black wings. Hardly ten yards away it perched, a scarlet tanager, a "very rare summer resident" in New Brunswick. It raised its head and sang, a melodious whistle to match the astonishing beauty of its scarlet plumage. It stayed all of five minutes, repeating its song half a dozen times before flying off and disappearing into the deeper wood.

Farther along we found a scattered company of chipping sparrows hunting on the ground. Then three or four slate-coloured juncos, white edges of their tails flashing. There was also a yellow warbler, calmly indifferent to watchers as it went about its affairs in a bush on the edge of the path.

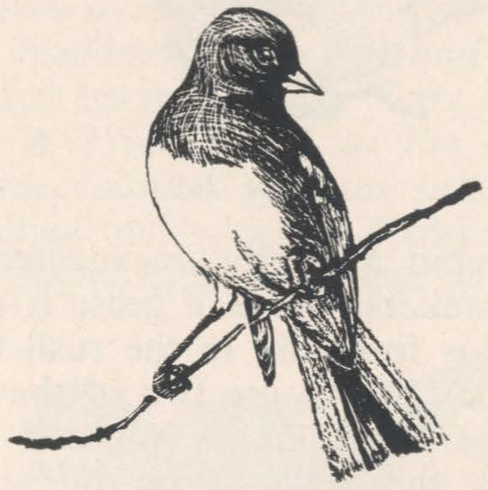
Recently a distinguished ornithologist suggested that the reason so many people find bird-watching an absorbing pursuit is that most of us have an instinctive interest in wild life and that birds are at once the easiest and the most rewarding to observe. They have a size range that makes them easy to see, as compared with insects, for instance. They have a variety and a readiness to let themselves be seen that makes them more available than the quadrupeds, which are notably wary and commonly nocturnal in habit. The beauty of birds appeals in its variety of form, colour and grace of swift movement. Add to all this the fact that birds supply the perfect object of the newer, civilized kind of collector's passion. The bird-watcher finds it wonderful sport to identify the species he sees, to gather without desire of slaughter additions to his lists, whether of the afternoon's ramble, the season or a lifetime.

The hobby is acquiring new enthusiasts by the thousands every year. Where twenty years ago there might have been a dozen people in a district who were interested in bird-watching, now there are hundreds. Bird-watching can be enjoyed equally by a single observer, a couple, or a group of twenty club members. The increase has led to what used to be regarded as eccentric or suspicious behaviour being taken for granted now. There is a pleasant story of an ornithologist who was arrested by police in the middle of the war as a spy. What else could a man be

who looked at things with field-glasses within a half-mile of military installations? A couple of years ago the same bird-watcher was again addressed by a policeman. Being on duty, the cop had no glasses with him and he wanted confirmation of the identity of the bird he had just spotted on the river bank. Was it a red-backed sandpiper?

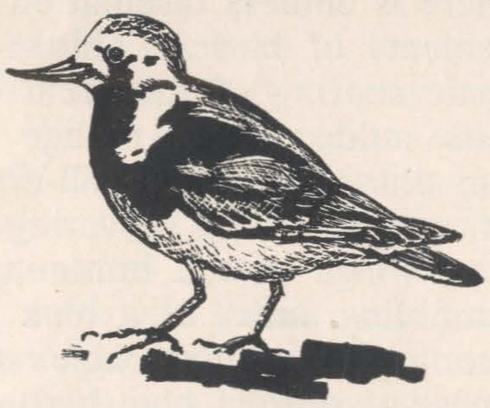
Birds are always providing interest, whether they are rare, like a scarlet tanager, or abundantly common, like a robin. And so every bird-watcher's memory is full of pictures.

A March afternoon with nothing visible but a bunch of English sparrows. The chickadees and nuthatches



Slate-coloured Junco

that have been visiting all winter seem to have left us. No robins yet. Pools from the melted snow are scattered all over the market parking lot beyond the garden. Suddenly with a



Ruddy Turnstone

rush birds begin arriving, dozens, scores of eager, lively black birds with long tails the shape of paper darts. The grackles are back!

A late summer week on the Northumberland County shore, with four or five little companies of ruddy turn-

Cedar Waxwing

stones on show every day, each morning a fresh lot apparently. Half of them are in fall plumage of sober

hue, but the others still display the russet-red back and oddly-patched black and white face and breast, all of them of course revealing the dramatic black and white wing pattern when they fly. They work busily along the beach, flipping over the flat pebbles to hunt their food underneath.

Another summer by the sea and just as supper is put on the table in

Blue Jay

the cabin a totally unexpected, but unmistakable noise of geese is heard. Food is forgotten in the rush to get outside. There are two of the geese on the sandbank a hundred yards across the water from our beach. They're dark birds with white head and neck. Only the blue goose has that pattern, a very rare transient in New Brunswick. The Museum confirms later that vagrant non-breeders are very occasionally seen like that.

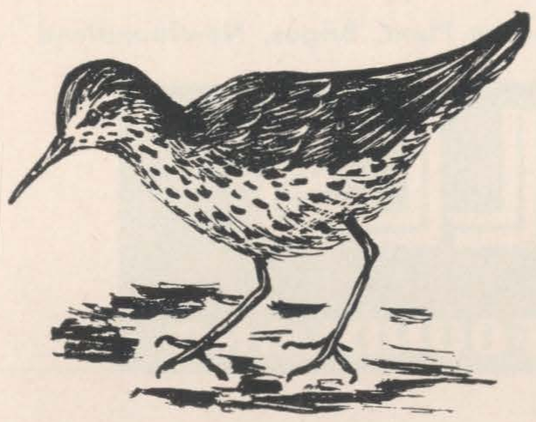
There is endless fascination in the movements of birds. Think of the majestic soaring of the great osprey and its sudden fierce plunge to the water; the astounding all-direction flight and standstill hovering on a blur of wings of the humming-bird; the tumbling antics of a blue jay on a tree top; the implacable stealthy slowness of a great blue heron moving through his pool on long, thin shanks; the ceaseless flitting of restless warblers from twig to twig as if they were just trying to make it harder to discern the little bits of colour that distinguish one species from another of closely similar appearance; the woodpecker's hammering of chisel beak on a promising patch of bark; the nuthatch running comically head-first downward on a tree trunk.

One great advantage of bird-watching as a hobby is that it can be fitted to any time and circumstance. If you have an hour only, you can stroll in the nearest park or woodland fringe and find birds to watch. If you have a month in the country or by the shore, you can use all the time on birds. Few people can roam the far places of the earth to see strange and rare kinds, but there is endless

fascination in the birds of your own parish, and within your own province you may achieve a list of maybe three hundred species.

Equipment for the game is simple. You can start with nothing but your eyesight, but it won't be long before you get yourself the inevitable pair of binoculars. Field-glasses, usually of six or eight times magnification, constitute in fact the badge of the bird-watcher. With them you see so much more, bring your birds close to get the full effect of their colour and distinguishing marks.

To learn the birds you need either an expert friend or a good field-guide. The friend won't always be available so inevitably you get yourself a bird book. The best and really essential book is Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds*. This has coloured pictures, somewhat simplified and with the decisive features emphasized, and these with the



Spotted Sandpiper

notes enable the user of the book to establish the identity of any bird he sees. When Peterson first made it, his *Field Guide* was revolutionary and he had a hard time finding a publisher. After many had turned it down, one was found who had the daring to put out a small edition. It's a cheerful thing to know that every year since then mounting thousands

Osprey

upon thousands of copies have been sold. The book is invaluable, but a five-dollar bill will get you one. It fits into a jacket pocket handily, too.

For more detailed description, and information on nesting habits, food, "economic status" and other matters, P. A. Taverner's *Birds of Canada* is excellent. A book listing the birds of your own province is a handy thing that adds interest, too.*

For some species, our Atlantic Provinces afford the best or the only observation points in the country. The places to see puffins, for in-

Grackle

stance, are Machias Seal Island in the Grand Manan group and St. Anne's Bay, Cape Breton Island. And Peterson took his friend the British ornithologist James Fisher to Newfoundland to see gannets, for of the only six colonies of those birds in North America, all of them in the Gulf of St. Lawrence region, three are in our easternmost province.

We can't all get to see an albatross or a whooping crane, but for all of us every spring the countless

Hairy Woodpecker

hordes of familiar, beloved birds return, the swallows, thrushes, bobolinks, bluebirds, vireos, phoebes and kingbirds, warblers in variety, sandpipers, catbirds, nighthawks, robins, waxwings . . . And perhaps this spring or summer we shall see one or two birds not yet on our lists.

Good birding, all.

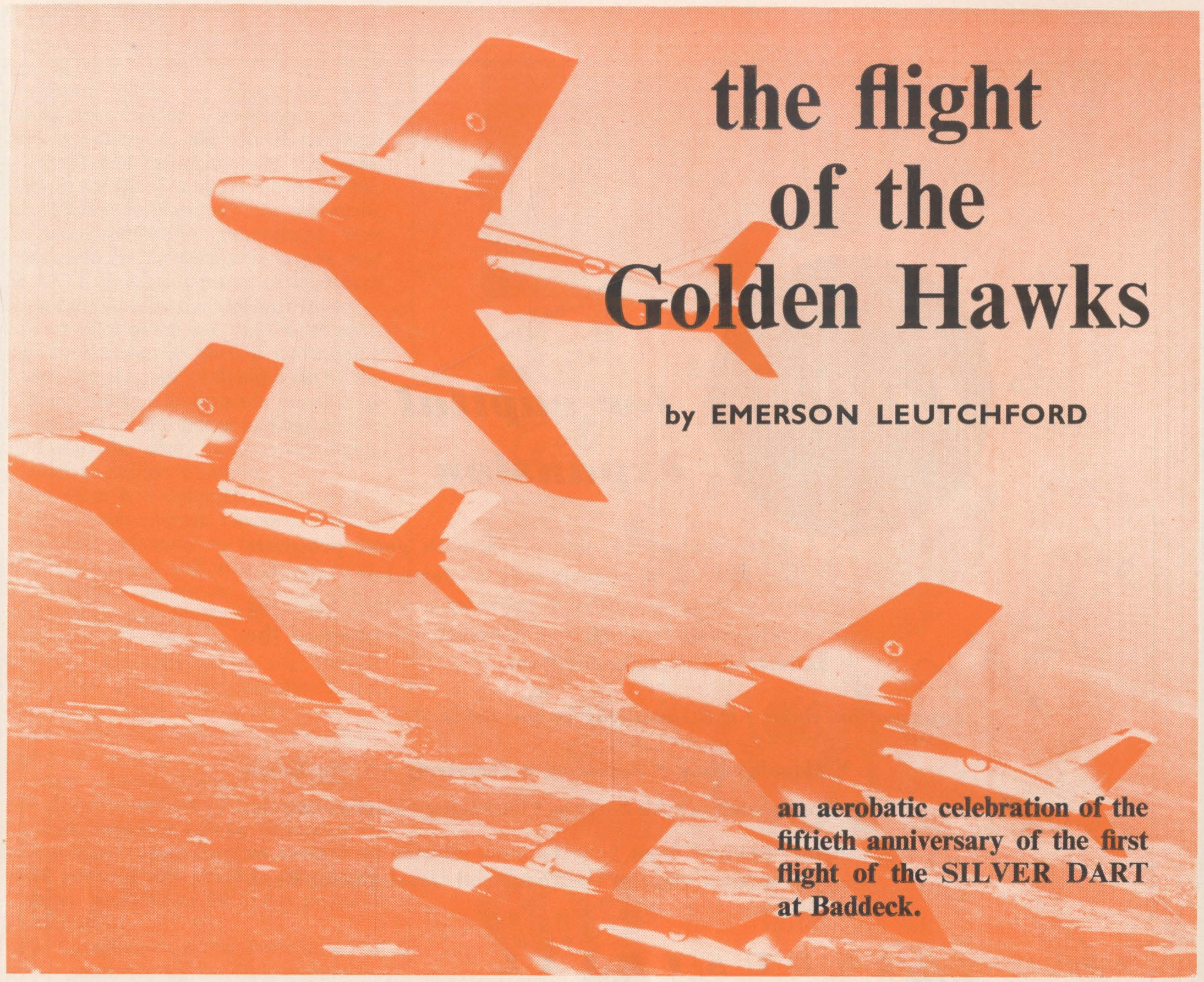
**Birds of Canada.* P. A. Taverner. National Museum of Canada and Musson Book Co.

**The Birds of New Brunswick.* W. Austin Squires. New Brunswick Museum, Saint John, N.B.

**The Birds of Newfoundland.* H. S. Peters and T. D. Burleigh. Dept. of Natural Resources, Province of Newfoundland. (See *The Atlantic Advocate,* May 1958, p. 61.)

the flight of the Golden Hawks

by EMERSON LEUTCHFORD



an aerobatic celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first flight of the SILVER DART at Baddeck.

As THE FESTIVITIES surrounding the observance of the 50th anniversary of powered flight in Canada and the 35th anniversary of the establishment of the Royal Canadian Air Force continue, the R.C.A.F. has turned to the Atlantic Provinces for a precision jet flying team to tour the country.

With the February 23, 1959, flight of the "Silver Dart" replica at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, and publication by the *Atlantic Advocate* of Gordon Green's *Silver Dart*, the story of J. A. D. McCurdy and his epoch making flight, the Atlantic Provinces have already made a major contribution to the anniversary celebrations.

But with the formation of the "Golden Hawks" at R.C.A.F. Station Chatham, the area is responsible also for a group which promises to become internationally famous.

When the R.C.A.F. considered plans for the anniversary year, it was decided to organize a six-man precision flying formation. The pick of Canada's flyers were chosen for the team and Squadron Leader Fern Villeneuve of Ottawa was given command of the aerobatic group.

The Golden Hawks have a wealth of flying and formation experience between them. Squadron Leader Villeneuve has nearly 3,000 hours of jet flying behind him and has been the leader of two other R.C.A.F. jet aerobatic teams.

Flight Lieutenant R. H. Ralph Annis, of McAdam, N.B., has about 1,600 hours jet time with fifteen flights across the Atlantic, ferrying jet aircraft to Europe. He also led a section of two solo Sabre aircraft that set a transcontinental record of five hours and thirty seconds elapsed time Vancouver to Halifax.

Flight Lieutenant J. D. McCombe, of Fredericton, N.B., has more than 2,000 jet flying hours and last year flew as a member of the R.C.A.F.'s display team at the Canadian International Air Show.

Flight Lieutenant G. Jebb Kerr, of Welland, Ontario, has nearly 2,000 hours jet time and was a member of the R.C.A.F.'s Sabre flight at last year's Canadian International Air Show.

Flying Officer John T. Price, of Knoulton, P.Q., is credited with more than 1,500 hours on jet aircraft. He spent three years as an airman in the trade of aero-engine mechanic before realizing his ambition to fly.

Flying Officer E. J. Rozdeba, of Bienfait, Saskatchewan, has approximately 1,600 hours jet time.

The total jet flying time accumulated by the group is 12,000 hours, enough, at a Sabre jet's cruising speed of 600 miles per hour, to take a six-plane team in formation flight five times the distance to the moon.

No moon-struck sextet, the Golden Hawks are a team of serious young men who are determined to show the Canadian public the capabilities of the Royal Canadian Air Force's aircraft and its aircrews.

Formation aerobatics have long been a part of military and civilian air shows in every country of the world which lays claim to any aviation proficiency.

The Royal Air Force has its Black Knights of the Treble One squadron, the United States Air Force its Thunderbirds and the United States Navy its Blue Angels. Now to join this select group of precision perfect pilots, the R.C.A.F. has organized and trained the Golden Hawks.

Concentrated training in team formation flying at three to five foot "broom stick clearance" occupied the team's prac-

tice sessions at Station Chatham through the early spring months. When the trans-Canada tour opened at Torbay, Newfoundland, May 16, spectators were agreed the Golden Hawks put on a thrilling exhibition. The show is made up of 29 different manoeuvres by the team, flying in the Box Diamond, Card of Five, and Echelon formations. This represents the most ambitious programme ever undertaken by an aerobatic group, and the R.C.A.F. is justly proud of the superb flying exhibited by the Golden Hawks.

Every pilot of the R.C.A.F. takes aerobatic instructions as part of his training course, but the type of flying done by the Golden Hawks is only made possible by the abilities of the pilots making up the team, and the many hours spent flying together at Station Chatham.

The team is a complete organization. It has its own aircraft, maintenance and mechanical personnel to travel with the pilots throughout the tour. In addition, Flying Officer James A. Holt of Vancouver, B.C., and Flying Officer William C. Stewart of Dalhousie, N.B., two other jet pilots, are attached to the Golden Hawks for aircraft ferrying duties and other flying duties as they arise.

The twenty-four-minute Golden Hawk show will be seen at more than thirty Canadian Centres during the four-month tour. Other members of the team combine with Squadron Leader Villeneuve to make a four-plane formation, while two others perform solo displays. The spare pilots are available to fill in any position as required.

The Canadian-built F86 Sabre jet is the aircraft employed by the Golden Hawks. They are flying the Mark 6 model, equipped with the powerful Orenda 14 engine with a two-stage turbine boost and a slatted wing.

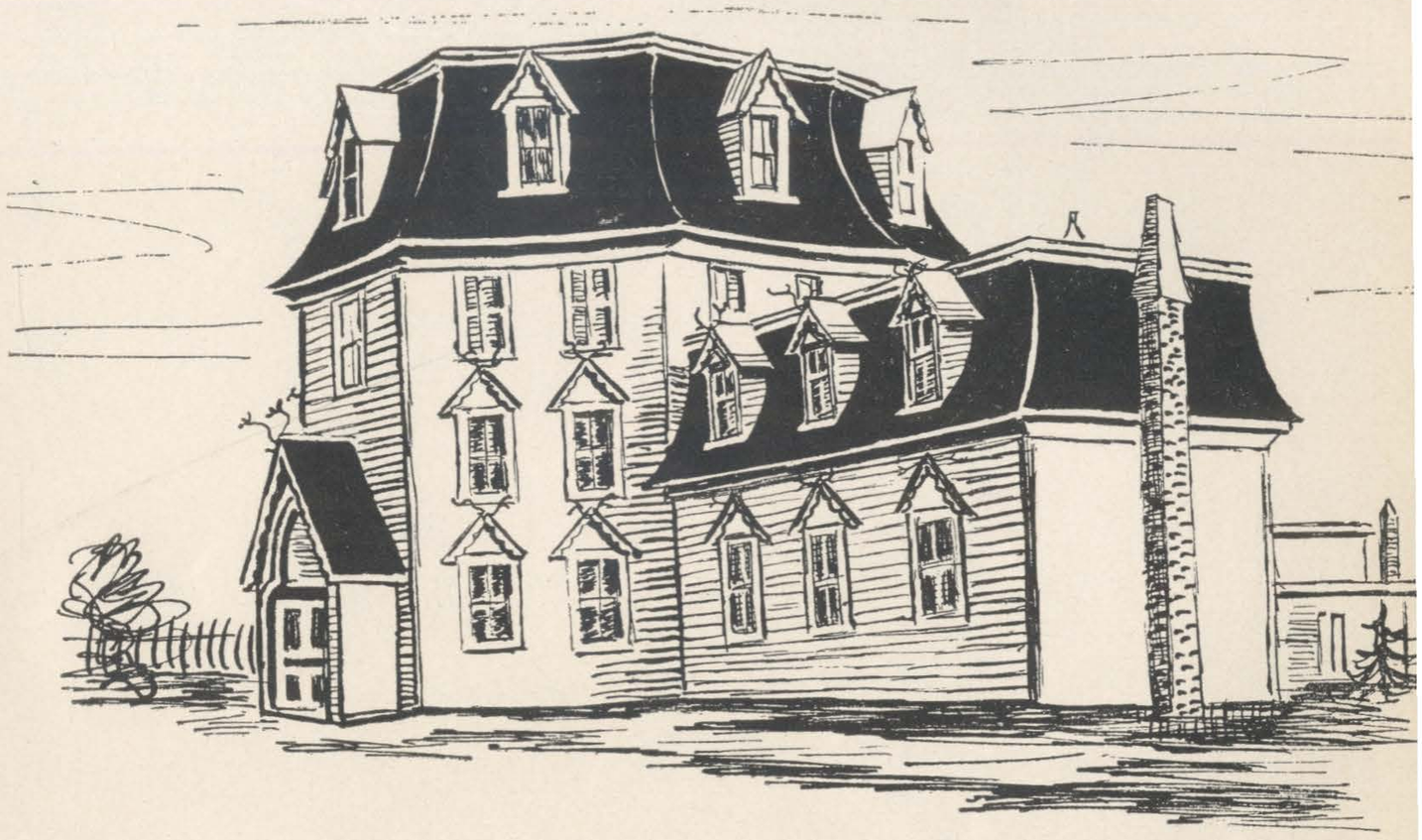
The Sabres flown by the Golden Hawks, while similar to those that held air superiority over Korea in the early 1950's, are faster and more powerful, and the ultimate in perfection of an excellent basic design.

The aircraft are well designed to take the sequence of loops, rolls, cross-overs, bombursts, Cuban eights and rhubarbs which are featured by the Golden Hawks in their show.

The demands for the team have been so heavy that when the tour got under way May 16, they were already booked up through September 20. During the summer, the Golden Hawks will appear at several air shows, culminating in the 1959 Canadian International Air Show at Toronto, September 11 to 12.

The six young men who compose the flight of the Golden Hawks will end the season as highly qualified jet instructors. Flight Lieutenants McCombe and Kerr, and Flying Officers Rozdeba and Price are members of the permanent staff at the Fighter Operational Training Unit, R.C.A.F. Station Chatham.

THE OCTAGON CASTLE



by

MICHAEL FRANCIS HARRINGTON

NEWFOUNDLANDERS read with some interest recently the news that two of the new industries started under the Provincial Government's Economic Development Plan of some years ago had changed hands. One is the Canadian Machinery and Industrial Construction Company Limited located "at the Octagon", which was the rather cryptic way the newspapers referred to the site of the plant involved in the transaction.

Once upon a time even such a vague reference as "at the Octagon" did not need explaining to any Newfoundlander. But today, few people, even in the St. John's area, remember much about the famous building which gave its name to the large pond near the C.M.I.C. plant or about the extraordinary man who erected the Newfoundland show-place of the late 19th century.

The C.M.I.C. plant is located on the northeast shore of the Octagon Pond which lies close to the Trans-Canada Highway about ten miles west of St. John's. It is quite close to the former site of the celebrated "Octagon Castle", a hostelry built about sixty years ago by "Professor" Charles Danielle, one of the most bizarre personalities who ever strutted across the Newfoundland scene. The inscription on his lonely tombstone in the Church of England cemetery in St. John's simply states: "To the memory of Charles H. Danielle, who died May 2nd, 1902, aged 71½ years." But there was nothing simple about the life and times of "Professor" Danielle, whose appearance in Newfoundland was something of a puzzle, whose life here had certain tones of mystery, and whose memory has become part of the Newfoundland legend.

Charles Henry Danielle was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1831. He was the youngest of six children and received an early introduction to the theatre which influenced his entire life. He made his debut before the footlights at fourteen, and five years on the stage turned him into a clever dancer and costume designer, with a considerable amount of theatrical glamour which he capitalized on in subsequent years and situations.

In 1850, at nineteen, Charles Danielle opened a dancing academy in Chicago. True to the traditional display of the theatre he concluded that the title of "dancing professor" had a far more dignified ring than "dancing master" and he spread it on rather thick by billing himself as "Charles H. Danielle, Professor of the Terpsichorean Art". It is not hard to understand how the title of "Professor" stuck to him all his life.

How or why he came here we shall probably never know, but the fact is that in 1861 Charles Danielle arrived in Newfoundland. Up to the middle of the last century the island was truly a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. However the epoch-making venture involving the laying of the trans-Atlantic cable of 1858, by Cyrus Field and his American associates, definitely put Newfoundland on the map. With the landing of the cable at Bay Bulls Arm in Trinity Bay the name "Newfoundland" was on everybody's tongue, and in every newspaper headline. It is fair conjecture that this was the first time Charles Danielle had ever heard of Newfoundland, and it is not unreasonable to assume that the idea of a career in this newly-discovered land appealed strongly to a man of his temperament. In any event Danielle showed up in St. John's in 1861 and quickly hung out his shingle as a professor of the dance and fancy-dress maker.

St. John's in the 1860's, however, was little better than a frontier community and the problem of making a living quite overshadowed such foibles as going to balls or having one's measurements taken for masquerade costumes. The "Professor" found his talents going a-begging and his business so unprofitable that within a few months he packed his bag and went back to the States. Nothing more is known about his activities till 1888, when, for no apparent reason, he suddenly reappeared in St. John's.

He was now 57 years old and imbued with far more practical ideas than he had brought with him on his earlier visit. In the interim he had learned the catering business, for he immediately opened an up-to-date restaurant on Water Street. It was known as "The Royal" and operated successfully until 1892 when it was destroyed in the $20 million conflagration that laid two-thirds of the city in ruins and ashes.

But there was no stopping the "Professor" now. Within a few months he was back in business with a smaller café situated in Beck's Cove and known as the "Little Royal". Success was his for the taking, and his *clientèle* increased so rapidly that in order to give them better service and accommodation he moved his establishment to the vicinity of Quidi Vidi Lake in the eastern suburbs. There he erected the mammoth and sumptuous "Royal" Lake Pavilion, the first suburban road-house on the island.

Danielle had a great way with him, and made a host of friends. But he made enemies too, and unfortunately some of them were very influential and vindictive. They hounded him to such an extent that in 1895 he declared he was unable to endure any longer the persecutions they inflicted on him at the Pavilion. Shortly afterwards he had the building dismantled, carted to the city and sent by railroad to Irvine Station. From there it was transported to the side of the body of water henceforth to be known as Octagon Pond.

British Columbia Forest Service Photograph

ROADS ARE OPENING 3,000,000 NEW ACRES OF FOREST LAND

In today's logging industry, as a rule, the best timber is hardest to reach. You can prove this in British Columbia, where logging has been confined to the most accessible areas, while millions of acres of isolated forest land remain unharvested.

Forest Service Engineers in B. C., where fifty cents of every dollar earned comes from forests, are planning timber harvests a lifetime from now. Forest access roads—like the one above—are part of the planning. Today, forest access roads carry well over 200 million board feet annually. When roads now in the planning stage are completed, they will open up 3,000,000 more acres of forest.

Without these roads, British Columbia could not expand the logging industry. And, equally important, the access road building program helps British Columbia protect the timber resources. They make it possible for fire fighters to reach fires quickly and bring them under control.

Every province has important assets that benefit from good roads. Whether the need is for access roads or modern highways that save time, money and lives . . . good roads are a sound investment in *everyone's* future.

Here, out of the timbers and framework of the "Royal" pavilion, with much additional embellishment, the "Professor" constructed his magnificent Octagon Castle.

Charles Danielle

The main building was a four-storey structure with eight sides from which design it got its name "Octagon". It had wings running east, north and south, the pond lying to the west. The hostelry contained a ballroom, a banquet hall, reading room, committee rooms, private dining rooms and a bar. The interior *décor* was "manifold and curious, and for its size and location", said the press reports, "the Octagon Castle could compare favourably with similar places anywhere in the world."

One feature of the "Castle" was a gallery which ran around the interior walls above the ballroom from which hung satin banners embroidered in gold and silver and bearing designs of incredible beauty, skill and originality. The bridal chamber was a bower of satin, lace and plush, dazzling with gold and silver appointments. On the bed was a quilt composed of small shells of satin, each shell overlapping the other, like scales on a fish; and not a stitch was visible.

The astonishing thing about these "attractions" was the fact that they were all the "Professor's" handiwork. It took him two and a half years to complete this quilt which contained eighty-five yards of satin. The designs, colours, richness of materials and workmanship were entirely the result of Danielle's ideas, talents and industry.

The Octagon Castle had its formal opening in June, 1896, and was graced by the Premier of Newfoundland, Sir William Vallance Whiteway. It soon became the Mecca of the pleasure-loving public of the capital city. Societies, lodges, clubs of all kinds, held their respective "outings" or picnics at this resort and "Professor" Danielle was always in attendance to see

that everybody had the best of attention and nothing to complain about. Sundays and holidays brought hundreds of excursionists to the Octagon and the carriage-roads were jammed with horse-drawn vehicles of every style and vintage.

Needless to say "Professor" Danielle did not overlook one single trick of publicity in order to popularize his resort and attract more and more visitors. A lot of people thought he was "touched" because of the many devices and settings that struck a strange note in the "Castle", but which were, in reality, the stunts of a master-showman. For example, there was the "Professor's" coffin.

This was "Exhibit A" at the Octagon Castle. A peep at this coffin was regarded as the highlight of a visit to the unique hostelry. The coffin was kept in a vault under the stairway on the fourth floor and was designed along the lines of an Egyptian sarcophagus. The interior was upholstered with no less than 7,425 white shells formed of satin, and contained a fluted satin pillow filled with eiderdown; a white satin shroud and a pair of exquisitely-worked golden slippers completed the macabre display. The coffin was covered on the outside with black satin richly embroidered in gold. The lid was a full-length piece of the finest plate-glass obtainable.

At the head of the coffin, hanging on the wall in a gilt frame, was this inscription: "In the back of this frame will be found full instructions to be followed immediately after my death.—Charles H. Danielle." No one seems to have learned what these exact instructions were. Such an apparent nonchalance in the face of man's inevitable fate was bound to excite much curiosity and the "Professor's" coffin turned out to be the biggest drawing-card at the Castle.

In addition to these features, the "Professor", who apparently had a keen wit, began to issue an annual brochure setting forth the beauty and attractions of his hostelry. As his list of patrons grew it inevitably began to include some undesirables, and he was eventually forced to include in his pamphlets a long list of "Don'ts".

"Don't bring flasks in your pockets; there is a bar on the premises. Don't bring growlers with you; they keep me awake nights. Don't think the Octagon was built for you alone; the Professor thinks he is capable of running it. Don't throw broken bottles around. I have buried broken bottles until I can't get a whole angle-worm to catch a trout; they are all cut up in bits. Don't say that everything you get at the Octagon is rotten. Everything you get here is fresh; even the Professor is fresh, but not too fresh." But his "Don'ts" and pleadings were ignored by a section of his *clientèle*, the majority of whom belonged to the upper stratum of society. Most proprietors, under these circums-

tances, would have been more diplomatic than the "Professor" in handling such a ticklish situation. But Charles Danielle was beholden to nobody and offenders against his code received the same and summary treatment of ejection regardless of their social status.

The people he rebuffed quickly allied themselves with his enemies, who consisted mainly of people jealous of his wit, personality, success and popularity. The sum total of their animosity affected his health and undoubtedly helped to shorten his life. On May 2nd, 1901, he sat down at his desk in the study of the Octagon Castle and wrote: "I am a very sick, old man. My medical advisor is unable to diagnose my ailment, but I myself can. I am suffering from a broken heart; a heart that has been rent asunder by the shafts of jealousy of my enemies . . . I feel that *one year from now* I shall be no more, but I would like to ask my enemies one last question: 'In what way did they profit by their slanderous remarks'?"

In this letter the old showman pulled off a master trick; he forecast his death to the day. Exactly one year later, on May 2nd, 1902, the "Professor" died. His death closed the covers of a story about a man whose personality and activities were as provocative and interesting as have been known anywhere.

The "Professor" *was* buried in his coffin. Under its plate-glass top he lay "in state" in the railway terminus in the west end of St. John's prior to his burial in the Anglican cemetery in the east end. The "instructions" consisted apparently of several notes dated June 25, 1901, which were delivered in the mail on May 2, 1902, to the following gentlemen, all outstanding in the political, professional and business life of the community: Hon. Sir William V. Whiteway, Mr. Justice Emerson, Sir J. S. Winter, Hon. J. S. Pitts, Hon. D. J. Greene, Hon. A. B. Morine and G. Hutchings. The note asked them, as his oldest acquaintances, to act as his pallbearers, which they did. James Furlong, also included on the list, predeceased the "Professor". The "instructions" may also have contained his will, read a couple of days after the funeral. The will left the Castle to his ward, Fred W. Brazil, provided he operated it in the same fashion as its former owner.

The Octagon Castle was never the same after the "Professor" left it, and steadily deteriorated in appearance and service. Then in 1905 it was destroyed by a mysterious fire and the visible signs of "Professor" Danielle's eccentricities disappeared in the smoke and flames of the blaze. The fame of the Castle survives, however, in the Octagon Pond, and the name and idiosyncrasies of the builder and proprietor, the "King of the Octagon Castle" can still conjure up all sorts of off-beat stories that are well worth perpetuating.

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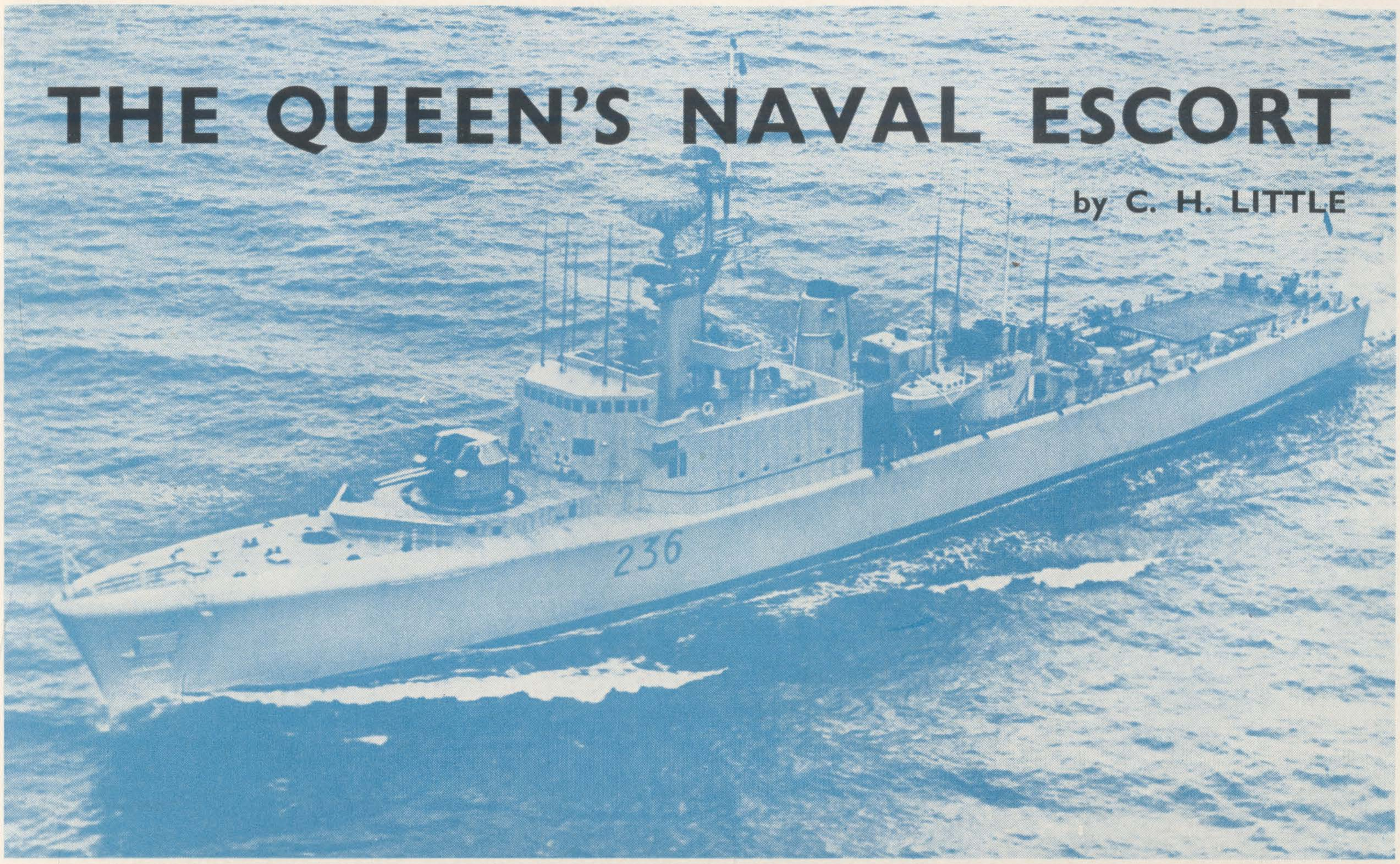
THE QUEEN'S NAVAL ESCORT

by C. H. LITTLE



H.M.C.S. Gatineau

Commander Little's article describes the arrangements of the Royal Canadian Navy for escorting the Royal Yacht "Britannia" during the tour. The "Britannia" is a unique vessel. Four hundred and twelve feet long and displacing 5,769 tons, she is a floating palace designed for rapid conversion into a hospital ship. Her complement of 270 will for this occasion include two officers and fifteen men of the R.C.N. She is painted a distinctive blue, but the paint chips easily and special protective arrangements have been made along the Seaway.

The royal sleeping quarters are situated on the shelter deck, uppermost of the main superstructure. Below this, are spacious drawing-rooms and dining-room. The furnishing is mostly modern, though the dining chairs are shield-backed Hepplewhite.

Both the Queen and the Prince have offices for the work that must go on. Both have built-in desks, but there is contrast between the feminine style of Her Majesty's office, with its silk-shaded wall lights, a gilt-bronze mirror and book-lined walls, and the severely masculine and modern room for the Prince.

There are special accommodations for the Prince of Wales and his sister, Princess Anne, too; in fact, these quarters were the first to be used, for the royal children sailed on the "Britannia's" maiden voyage, to meet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk, in North Africa, in 1954.

Despite the presence of the Queen, the royal yacht must pay seaway tolls just like any other vessel. At six cents a ton this will amount to $346.14 each way.

When Her Majesty The Queen transits the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes this summer in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* she will be escorted by units of the Royal Canadian Navy, the Royal Navy and the United States Navy. The anti-submarine frigate *Ulster* will come from her Bermuda base to escort the *Britannia* during the whole of Her Majesty's tour but the other ships will vary.

On June 20, the Royal Yacht with the Queen embarked sails from Seven Islands for Gaspé escorted by *Ulster* and the two Halifax-based destroyer escorts *Restigouche* and *St. Croix*.

On the following morning off Gaspé *Britannia* and her escorts will be met by a splendid representation of the Atlantic fleet consisting of sixteen men-of-war headed by the *D.E. Gatineau* (Capt. H. L. Quinn, D.S.C., C.D., R.C.N.) wearing the flag of the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, Rear-Admiral H. F. Pullen, O.B.E., C.D., R.C.N. The entire force will enter Gaspé harbour, which has not seen such an assembly of ships since it was a convoy port during the war. In addition to the ships already named there will be the five destroyer escorts *Kootenay*, *Crescent*, *Cayuga*, *Athabaskan* and *Micmac;* the frigates *Fort Erie* and *Swansea;* the entire First Minesweeping Squadron: *Resolute*, *Fundy*, *Thunder*, *Chignecto*, *Quinte* and *Chaleur;* and the two British submarines *Ambush* and *Alderney* which are based on Halifax to assist the R.C.N. in anti-submarine training. During the afternoon the force sails and splits up—the sweepers and submarines resume operations, the frigates detach for Montreal, the remainder proceed to Tadoussac.

Britannia and her original three escorts make a short visit to Port Alfred on June 22 and are then rejoined by the destroyer escorts for the trip up river to Quebec City where Her Majesty arrives June 23. On the next day *Gatineau* and *Kootenay*

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at TRENTON

The Unknown Giant

Every Nova Scotian school boy knows the amazing feats of strength of Angus MacAskill the Cape Breton giant who stood 7 feet 9 inches in his socks and tipped the scales at 400 lbs.

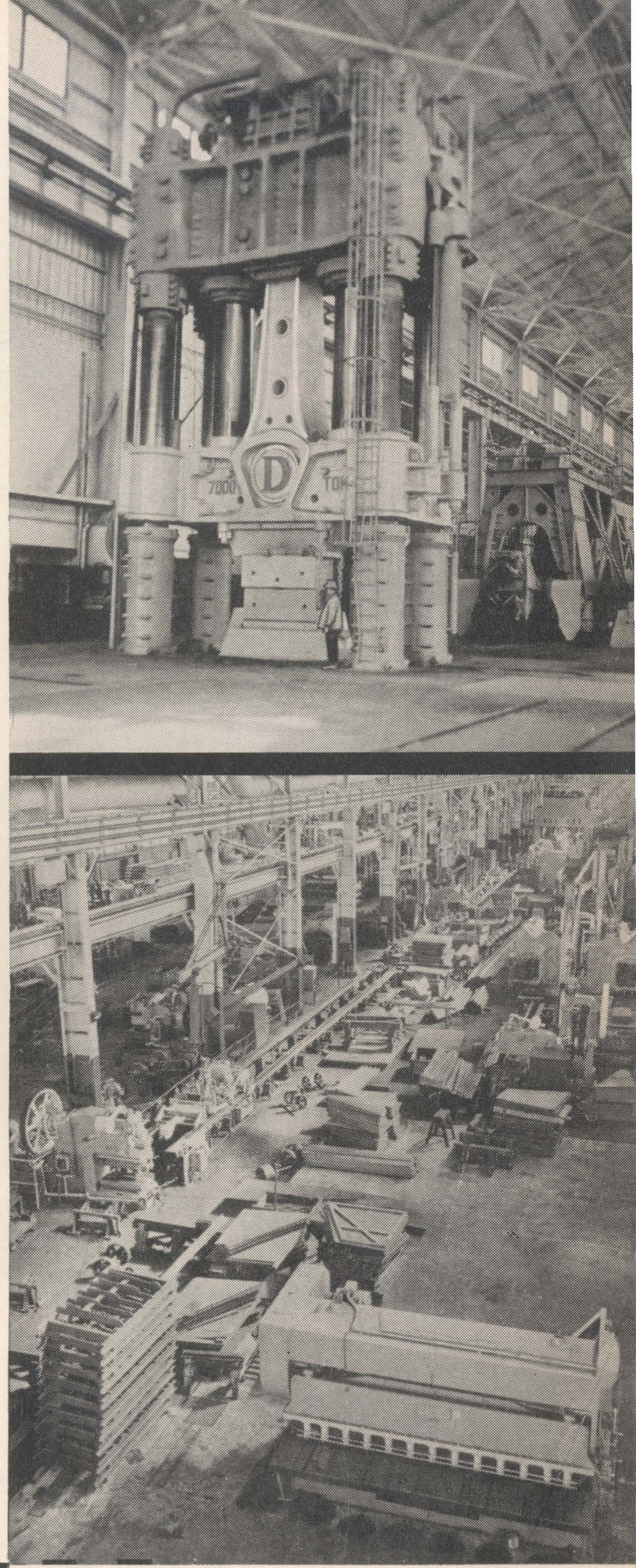
Not nearly so well known, even among Nova Scotians of an older generation, is another giant whose feats of industrial strength have for many years given Nova Scotians a payroll which has reached six million dollars annually from these plants alone.

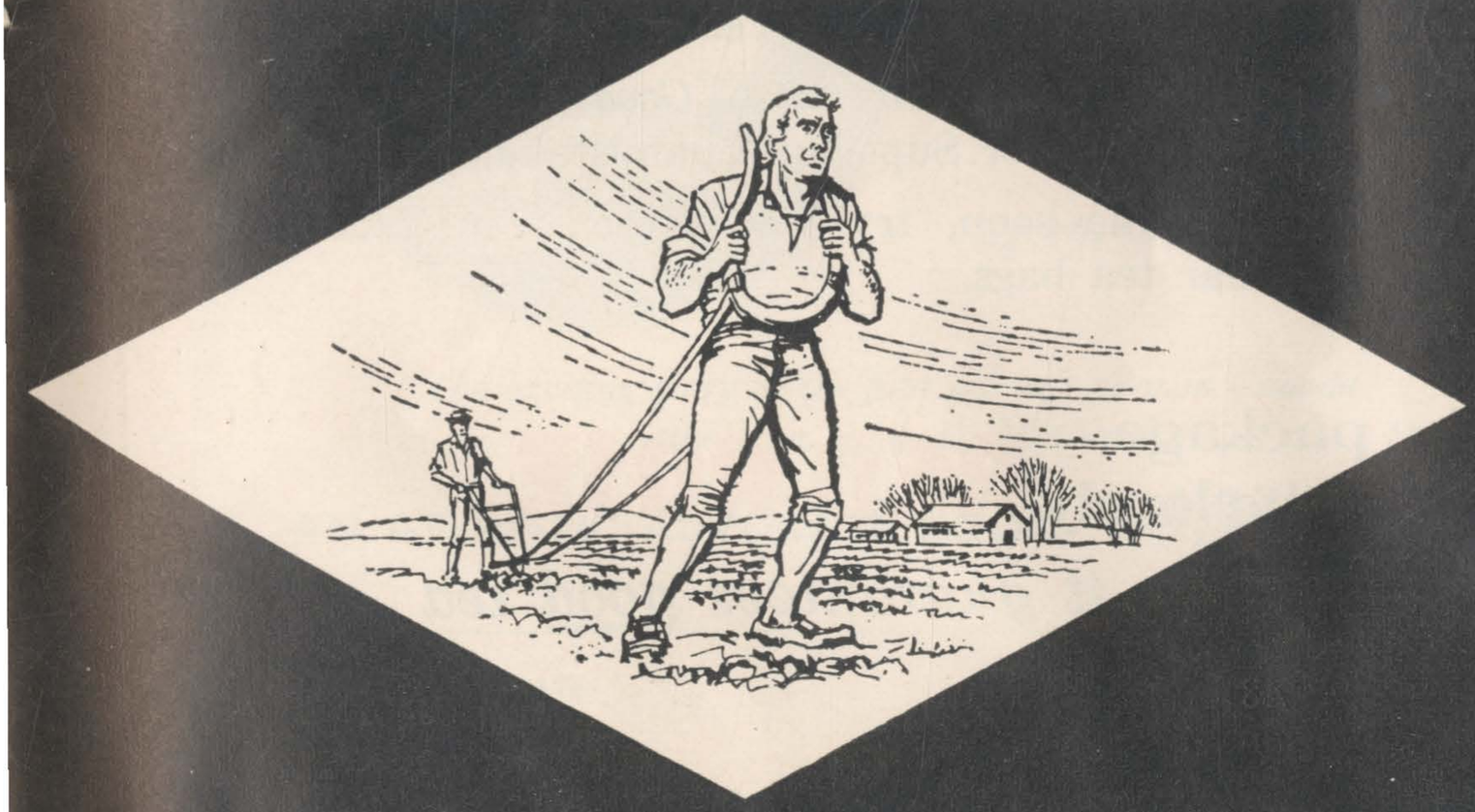
Dosco's Trenton Works, located on the shores of the East River a few miles from New Glasgow, is one of the largest, best-equipped industrial plants in Canada.

In 1883 the first steel made in Canada was produced at the old Trenton plant. Modernized and still pioneering, with 24 acres under roof, Trenton Works is turning out some of Canada's largest forgings and finest machined work.

This unknown giant of Trenton has quietly made its contribution to the Canadian economy and development over a period of 88 years, producing vital equipment for rail, mine and manufacturing industries. Its products have carried the name of Trenton across the continents of North and South America and to Europe.

Future generations of Canadian school boys will still breathlessly recount the saga of Angus MacAskill. Some of them, no doubt will come to Trenton and help this lesser known giant to further feats of industrial might and "know-how".





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JUNE, 1959

Norman Rockwell

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—out comes the family prescription for relaxing hospitality . . . Red Rose Tea.

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Some time soon, try Red Rose . . . in gauze or regular tea bags.

Pick the package with the lovely RED ROSE

. . . it guarantees good tea

27A

relieve the original Canadian escorts and the Queen goes on to Trois Rivières and Montreal.

The official seaway opening takes place near St. Lambert Lock on June 26. Her Majesty, in her right as Queen of Canada, and President Eisenhower, as head of the United States of America, combine in a ceremony which celebrates one of the most ambitious joint undertakings in North America. For this occasion the

Captain H. L. Quinn, D.S.C., C.D., R.C.N.

naval escort will consist of one warship from the United Kingdom (*Ulster*), the United States (the destroyer *Forrest Sherman*) and Canada (*Gatineau*).

After the St. Lambert ceremony President and Mrs. Eisenhower embark in *Britannia* as Her Majesty's guests and the Royal Yacht proceeds through Côte Ste. Catherine Lock to Lower Beauharnois Lock. For the rest of the passage in succeeding days through the Seaway and the Lakes, *Gatineau*, *Kootenay*, and *Ulster* will share escort duties, giving way to U.S.N. vessels when the Queen is in the United States section of the Great Lakes.

The Royal party leaves *Britannia* to continue the North American tour but will rejoin her in Shediac, N.B., late in July, for visits to Charlottetown and Cape Breton. At that time *Algonquin*, *Iroquois* and *Huron* of the First Canadian Escort Squadron will have the honour of escorting the Queen.

TIME

People spend it,
Beat it, make it,
Kill it, pass it,
Keep it, take it.
Those who *do* it
Always rue it.

JOAN TOMKINSON

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A COMPLETE LINE OF CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT

FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

you sound the way you feel

YOUR VOICE is a dead giveaway of your inner being. Yet few persons realize the delicate and constant interplay between voice and emotion. Many come to me for voice instruction, expecting me to turn a lifeless voice into one with the resonance of Eleonora Duse's. It's not so much expert voice training most of these people need as an understanding of the fact that voice reveals personality, that often to use your voice well you must learn to handle your emotions well.

In a word, voice is not a superficial ornament; it can be used as a practical implement for the improvement of the whole person. And the kind of voice instruction that matters most is the kind that begins not with the voice itself, but with the inner feelings that the voice mirrors. If you feel better, you speak better. Good speech is not only a satisfaction in itself, but it also enables you to put your best emotions forward.

On this point the evidence is impressive and increasing. As a rule, we speak without any sense of the mastery voice can exercise over us or of how much it reveals about us. The result is a lot of unnecessary and unfortunate tension. One four-year-old boy confided in me, "Every time Mummie talks I think I did something wrong." Maybe he had, but the chances are that the whine and accusation in the mother's voice sounded the sour note of her disposition; and awareness of her own disposition could, at the same time, have bettered her relationship with her son and improved her voice.

The voice shows serious disturbances as well as the slight ones most of us experience—and from the serious ones we can take clues for our lesser ills. Dr. Paul J. Moses, head of the Stanford University Medical School's Speech and Voice Disease Clinic, for instance, recently told a convention of psychiatrists that a trained physician with any standard tape recorder can trace the progress of a mentally ill patient. At Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington, D.C., two psychiatrists, Dr. Stanley H. Eldred and Dr. Douglas Price did just that. They spent long hours listening to recorded interviews with a patient at different stages of his psychoanalysis. The doctors concluded that the clue to emotions is not only in what is being said but in how it is said, as well. Anger made the voice too high, too fast and the pitch too loud. Depression, on the other hand, caused the voice to be too soft and too slow and the pitch too low. Anxiety produced hemming and hawing. It caused the patient to use many "uhs" and to cling frantically to the last sound in a word.

The heartening aspect of the Walter Reed study is that thirteen months of psychoanalysis not only brought about its goal of greater emotional freedom, but also left the subject with a better voice—and one that remained with him. Fortunately, the patient under analysis caught the most important point of all: the connection between voice and feeling. Consciousness of voice taught him to be more aware of his hidden feelings and motives.

A large-scale study sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, headed by Gregory Bateson, well-known anthropologist, and ably researched by Dr. Moses, gives further signs that our voices, perhaps even more than the words we use, reveal the truth about our personalities. Try, for instance, speaking endearing words in a strident tone to your dog and he will react as though you are angry. Use angry words in honeyed tones and he will think that you are petting him. People respond similarly.

Most of us start life with the capacity for voices of normal pitch, melody and flexibility. Often we lose these qualities as we grow up, leaving them to become the almost exclusive property of trained professionals. But everyone can do something about his voice, and you can make your voice and your emotions work together. This harmony between the two can, in turn, help you to improve your relations as parent, as husband, or wife, in business, on the telephone, and in everyday situations. What is even more important, the right balance between voice and emotions can help to integrate your personality and to give you a better measure of inner control.

There are ways and means of discovering and using clues our voices reveal, which can tell us how we feel, think, or act at any given moment. Unless we are severely disturbed, we need mostly a series of daily practices we can do on our own, suited to the circumstances in which we commonly find ourselves, that will keep us conscious of the way our voices echo our emotions. Naturally, a measure of discipline is required—as in the case of any worth-while enterprise. But the discipline can be rewarding.

It can be pleasant, too, for this kind of self-discovery is an exciting adventure. You must first of all discover what your voice is like and what effect it has on others. The tone of our voices does not sound to us the way it sounds to others. We hear our own voice in a mixture of sound waves that reaches our ears through the air and of sound that is conducted to the hearing nerves by bone conduction in our skull. This gives us a false impression of the effect we have on others, who hear us through their ears.

A practical technique is to have a recording made of your voice. Then listen. Not only to the voice itself but also to the kind of personality and the kind of emotions it reveals. Often this personality is a shock and the tell-tale sound of yourself can be very sobering. I know an executive who considered himself amiable in all his dealings. He was dismayed and incredulous when he heard the notes of impatience and hostility even in his most casual remarks. Such phrases as "In my opinion" and "I know that" betrayed a discordant violence of feeling. They were wholly out of character with the tones appropriate to the terms he used.

Once you have an undeniable record of your emotions through your voice, you are ready to begin to help yourself. You should aim at bringing the voice and the emotions into harmony. This is no small task and it must be performed by degrees. Dr. Dominick A. Barbara, a New York psychoanalyst who has worked with many patients who have voice problems, puts it this way: "Few of us use our true voices because few of us are free of the destructive emotions that distort our everyday living. Only when we understand our own emotions can we achieve a firm feeling of strength, security and self-confidence. Then and only then will we find our true self. That self will give us our true voice."

A move in the right direction will be to see ourselves as we are revealed in a recording of our voice. Select the emotional traits you like least, note them over a period of time as they show themselves in your ordinary conversation, and then try to free yourself of them by going to work within yourself and letting the change filter through your voice.

You may, for example, find an edginess, an irritability, a whine. You may not know of this trait until your voice reveals it to you. But by detecting it in your voice you become sharply conscious of it and you can set about remedying it through your voice. An analysis of two hundred tape recordings of family table talk, made by Dr. James H. S. Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania, showed that some families exchanged little more than short, sharp "yes's", "no's", "wh-huh's" and "please pass the salt's". So, if you are guilty of this curtness within your own family, you will, by recognizing it, be able to change it and so improve family living.

One beauty of this operation is that you don't always have to talk in order to practise it. You will find that you have a "think voice", a silent voice, you can listen to in reverie. The voice is your inner self. It can be used as the emotional clue to the expression that follows. It can be made to help you toward warmer and kindlier emotions.

It's a case where awareness leads to change. You can help your voice by putting the right feeling behind the words you use. One business man, for instance, was aghast when he heard a recording of the way he said "Hello" or "Yes?" on the telephone. He betrayed his annoyance into the mouthpiece by means of these simple words and his voice showed that he resented the whole idea of talking. He defended this on the grounds that he resented interruption by telephone. Once he started thinking in the face of what the recording revealed, however, he found that he disliked the rudeness of his voice more than he disliked the telephone. He commenced at once to bring his voice mentally in line with his emotions. He practised his telephone greetings *in petto* as well as on the phone. In this way he softened his whole disposition.

It is not surprising that some employers and many employment agencies require that applicants phone rather than write. Much of the world's business—more and more of it, in fact—is done on the phone. One large employment agency claims that nine times out of ten it can prejudge a person's disposition and qualifications by the quality of his voice on the phone. Our fate is in our voices. We really put ourselves on record every time we open our mouths.

Having discovered your voice, having developed a sort of third ear to what is said—and how—you not only become a healthier person, but also develop a more attractive voice. Other practices, too, can help us toward the improvement of our voices. Reading aloud to ourselves or in a family offers values as well as pleasures. The imagination needed to communicate proper meaning will give our voices texture, and it may give them depth and beauty. Let the imagery of the language, its rhythm and its music, get into your voice. You begin to acquire a new vocal range, a new vocal music that will carry over into your everyday voice.

Obviously the pitch at which we use our voices has much to do with their quality. Most of us tend to be shrill and high-pitched and we could well lower our voices, in key as well as in volume. The imitation of dialects will help us here because it makes us conscious of range. As you try to speak with the sonorous melody of the Irish or the soft, lush liquidity of the old-fashioned Southerner or the plodding deliberate pace of the German, your vocal range grows.

Such practices may seem to be only a form of mimicry, and they are. But, carried on privately or at the family board or among friends, they not only make us continually aware of the range of language but they also show us how much habits of voice reveal about the character of a people. At one meal let us try to talk the way the Scots do, bless 'em; at another the way the English do; at another the way Canadians ought, pro-noun-cing each word clear-ly and dis-tinct-ly and not slurringthemintooblivion—the way Americans usually do. The voice as a medium of expression for the inner self—this is what we need to study.

Other devices can be used to improve the actual quality of the human voice, of course. Humming is excellent both as a way of seeing exactly what your voice has in the way of clarity and balance and in providing an encouraging outlet for the emotions. Hum under tension. Your voice will be better for it and this will also give you immediate release. For more sustained relief, however, you must return to your inner self and the sensitivity of your third ear.

And, of course, proper attention to breathing helps to co-ordinate voice and emotions. The more aware you are of your voice the more you see the need of learning breath control. If you are to speak effectively, your voice must be properly produced by the even flow of exhaled air that makes the vocal cords vibrate. Here again the awareness of one quality sharpens the mind to observe others. If we begin from within and try to see that our voices express the best in us, we see what breathing can do to prevent screaming from within.

You need a good breath to talk well. When you are irritated, take a breath before you speak. Happily, as in counting to ten, the anger may resolve itself before you have exhaled the breath. Even if it does not, the words that follow will be more temperately uttered than they would have been without that self-renewing pause.

These techniques, separately and together, can help your voice to the emotional freedom it needs. As you go along you will find your voice becoming more pliant to your will—neither a deadpan that reveals nothing, nor a sieve that reveals everything. You will know, too, when your voice is flexible enough to meet the demands of different situations and different kinds of people. By using many voices, each for its special use, you will find there are fewer tensions you must keep bottled up within yourself.

Your voice has almost limitless possibilities for improving your personality and for improvement in its own right. The aim must be to take the voice you have, whatever its quality, and make the best of it, so that it represents your best self rather than unwittingly reveals the unadmitted faults within. Be willing to give your voice as much conscious thought and work as you give your appearance. Your voice is an expression of the real you. Since your voice gives clues to how you feel at any moment, the best way to achieve peace of voice and to cultivate the power of positive speaking, is to achieve an inner emotional harmony. This in turn can bring a new serenity to your life.

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A 20th Century Favourite

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THE QUEEN AND I

by FRANK PRIDHAM
as told to FRED H. PHILLIPS

THE DAY I BROKE the security lines for a close-up of Queen Elizabeth? That was twenty years ago this summer and she has since become the Queen Mother. Seems to come back into focus right now, though, with another Royal visit to Canada being planned.

Well, I was no hell-for-leather news photographer with an inborn contempt for cops. No. I was just a portly family man with a nice solid studio practice. A Royal visit, though, was something special. For the next two days the shop would be a mad-house of press shots and special orders, and then there'd be an avalanche of amateur stuff to be developed. It would be a lot of work and a lot of business.

So it was June 13, 1939. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth would reach Fredericton toward noon. I had been assigned a position right in front of the Legislative Building. Now it was getting hot. We waited.

Then there was a surge of the crowd. "They're coming," someone said. A distant wave of sound swelled to a roar as ten thousand voices cheered Their Majesties. A motorcycle escort of Mounties whisked up the crescent in front of the building, then a long black car came to a stop. For a little while there was a swiftly changing scene as official respects were paid. Then it happened!

For a moment the Queen stood unattended. Premier Allison Dysart advanced alone to greet her. His back was to the camera and just a bit to one side.

Suddenly there wasn't any crowd and there wasn't any Legislative Building. Just the Queen and I. For a moment she gave me that famous Royal smile that had captivated an Empire. The field was wide open. Wide open to Frank Pridham—a small-town photographer with a camera in his hand and a view finder to his eye. For an eternity I didn't shoot. Just kept advancing. At a scant eight feet I clicked the shutter.

That click timed with another—this one on my shoulder. From my crouched position I glanced sideways. A pair of pinstriped trousers flanked me. Yes, the security boys had moved in.

"Young man, come back," an English voice said, and a hand tightened on my shoulder. "I have a notion to take the camera and the films and destroy the whole thing. You know you're not supposed to go within 20 feet of the party."

"I got excited," I said. "She's such a charming subject I couldn't resist."

Maybe the shirt under that morning coat wasn't so stuffed after all. "I don't blame you a bit," the officer said as he escorted me back to safe ground.

In the studio we developed a big run of prints. Then Premier Dysart became the frame for one of the most famous photographs in history. We cropped him out and made a blow-up of the Royal smile against a sheer white background.

The picture had a tremendous sale to news agencies and photo services all over the world, as well as to the public at large. Eventually it grossed over 60,000 prints.

At least six of them reached the Royal Lady herself—sent by six different people, all of them claiming to have taken the original shot.

Frank Pridham

From CEMENT *to Candy!!*

TRADEMARKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Products coming off the assembly lines in Newfoundland these days are fast earning the sort of reputation at home and abroad that was once accorded to Newfoundland soldiers by a famous general — "Better than the Best." This goes for handbags, knitwear, shirts, gloves, workclothes, suits, shoes, batteries, cement, plasterboard, wallboards, motion pictures, chocolates and candy, etc.—all hard-hitting leaders on the sales-counters of the nation.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT
GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S **NEWFOUNDLAND**

Dorothy Elderkin Lawrence

GAILY COMES MY LOVE

THE WARM SUN of Indian Summer shone brightly on Halifax's Public Gardens. Many people strolled along the walks, taking advantage of the last few really warm days before the bitter Atlantic winter set in.

Millie was almost inconspicuous sitting on the wooden park bench while she waited for her young people. Her shabby black coat and her out-of-fashion grey hat only emphasized her sallow, wrinkled face, and the hands holding her worn gloves were brown with age. She had noticed the boy and the girl early in the summer and their youth and their obvious love for each other had transported the old lady back many years to the time when she was young herself.

It was the girl that Millie had noticed first. The small, lithe figure almost danced along the path in her eagerness to meet the boy, and her laughing face and the joyous sparkle in her dark eyes spoke eloquently of the happiness within her. Millie, watching this creature of light, remembered a time long ago when her own daughter played about her knee. She still remembered her Ellen's dark hair and eyes and her laughing face that one day was so full of the joy of living and the next day was stilled for ever.

Now, many years later, Millie had looked on the dark-haired girl in the park and thought: "Ellen should have looked like this." Then Millie began to pretend to herself that here was Ellen come back to life. In time she almost came to believe that this girl really was Ellen—almost, but not quite. The boy and girl were so absorbed in each other that they did not notice the little old lady who watched them from the opposite bench every fine day that summer.

Millie was thrilled when she saw in the sunlight the glitter of the exquisite little diamond ring the boy had given the girl, and by that she knew that they were planning to marry. Millie soon fell to having imaginary conversations with the girl and in no time at all the girl became her own Ellen. In these chats Ellen often spoke of the reason for the noontime picnics in the park. "He and I", she said in Millie's imagination, "work in offices near here. We eat lunch in the park so that we can lunch together and save money toward our furniture."

Another time Millie pretended that the girl said, "We are planning to be married at Christmas." Millie's own wedding had been at Christmas. Her husband had died the following Christmas just after Ellen was born. Millie managed to struggle through the first few years until the child's sudden death. Now, here she was, an old woman living alone on an inadequate old age pension, trying to glean a little of the reflected happiness of these two young people.

"They have so much," she said to herself. "Surely they won't miss the little I take from them." And so she continued her little game.

But now it was nearly winter and warm days were few, and soon it would be too cold to come at all. Millie thought bleakly of the lonely winter days ahead alone in her bare little room.

It was then that she noticed something wrong at the other bench. She had been too far away to hear any of the conversation, only the tones of the voices. And these were not the dulcet tones of love that met her ear. The voices rose and sharpened until suddenly the girl sprang to her feet, wrenched off her ring, and threw it at the boy, fairly screaming: "I hate you! I never want to see you again! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" And she hurried out of the park, the motion of her body conveying to Millie the anger that seethed within her.

Millie was so upset by this development that she could scarcely breathe. In her imagination the girl told her all sorts of reasons for her quarrel with the boy. Then Millie had a terrible thought. "Suppose," she said to herself, "they don't patch it up before winter. Then I may never know how it all turned out."

Millie wondered desperately how she might help, but since she knew nothing at all about either one of them, there was nothing she could do but wait and see. But the time was so short. Already there was a sharpness to the air, and the maples were putting on their autumn colours, the squirrels were scurrying about busily searching for seeds and acorns, and the park gardener was readying his flowerbeds for the long, cold season ahead.

Millie scarcely slept at all that night, and the next day was at her bench early, so anxious was she to see if the pair had made up.

At first she worried that they might not come at all, but at five after twelve, the boy sat down on the accustomed bench. Five minutes later, the girl

Blossom Time...

an invitation to travel...

MORE than a hundred years ago Longfellow immortalized this land of "Evangeline" with his narrative poem of that name.

Now, every year about this time, nature brings alive with a blaze of color the lovely Annapolis Valley — and thousands of visitors come to enjoy the sheer exhilarating beauty of it all.

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NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL BUREAU

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2645

swung through the gate, but holding her head high, she ignored the boy, and walking directly past Millie's bench, joined a group of girls on the other side of the duck pond. All this time Millie was in a perfect agony of suspense, but she couldn't think of a thing to remedy the situation.

"The silly fools!" she exploded to herself. "They will let their pride stand before their love for each other."

By one o'clock the young people had gone back to work, one in one direction and one in the other direction, neither looking back. Millie sat on in the park cudgelling her brain for an idea. Just one little idea. But her brain remained a blank.

Some children were playing around her bench, but the old lady scarcely heard them. Then a freckle-faced boy put out his foot and neatly tripped a pony-tailed girl who had been running behind. Anger filled Millie at the young bully who stood out of reach laughing, and Millie stooped her creaky old bones to help the child to her feet.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," laughed the child, "that grass is as soft as anything." And she took after the boy again.

The next day it rained and Millie was forced to remain in her room. The faded old wallpaper seemed even more dismal than before and the rain beating on the window pane drummed a chorus over and over. "How can I help them? How can I help?" The rain was only echoing Millie's frantic thoughts.

On the following day the sun was shining again, and earlier than ever Millie was at her bench armed with a pair of pliers and a screw-driver borrowed from the janitor of her apartment building. When he asked her why she wanted them, she replied, "I am going to splice a love knot."

She glanced furtively about the park and when no one was looking she fiddled away at the bottom of her bench with the borrowed tools. When the results suited her she put the tools in her worn purse and just waited.

At five minutes after twelve, the young man arrived and took his place on his bench. Praying that all the park staff would be at lunch, Millie scurried over.

"Excuse me," she said, "the bench where I eat my lunch seems very wobbly, and I'm afraid it isn't safe. It is my favourite spot and I don't want to change. Will you be kind enough to look at it for me?"

The boy was really a very nice fellow, and as he bent to examine the under part of her seat, Millie's watchful eye saw the girl come in through the wrought iron gate. Millie's old heart jumped at the sight of the lovely young creature, with the wind whipping her yellow wool skirt about her knees. Straight and tall and full of pride she walked, sparing not one glance for the bench where she had been so ecstatically happy.

"Perfect timing," Millie congratulated herself and she moved slightly so as to protect the boy from Ellen's view.

Ellen was hurrying past Millie's bench, her head still high, when Millie, her eyes rolling heavenward and her tongue making a bump in her cheek, fancying herself the picture of innocence, stuck out her foot, catching Ellen neatly at ankle level.

The girl fell with a little scream, and the boy turned just in time to see her land flat on her beautiful face. In an instant he was beside her and his arms were about her. "Are you hurt?" he cried. "Ellen, darling, are you hurt?"

Ellen stiffened, then evidently thought better of things. Slowly her arms slid about his neck and then she was laughing and crying at the same time.

"No," she said, "only my pride. The grass is quite soft."

Millie turned away. Ellen! He had called her Ellen! That would certainly give her something to think about during the long, cold winter. Then with a singing heart Millie went in search of the park superintendent to report a wobbly bench.

A DOUBLE COINCIDENCE

by D. Kermode Parr

READING THE ACCOUNT of the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight in Canada and the celebrations at Baddeck (*The Atlantic Advocate*, February and March, 1959) reminded Dr. Cluny Macpherson of a double coincidence and a conversation with Alexander Graham Bell in which the inventor explained to him how flight was going to be achieved.

Dr. Macpherson, eighty now, has had a long and distinguished medical career. On active service in the First World War he invented the first respirator after the Canadians were attacked with gas. He was president of the Canadian Medical Council in 1954-55. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland is his son.

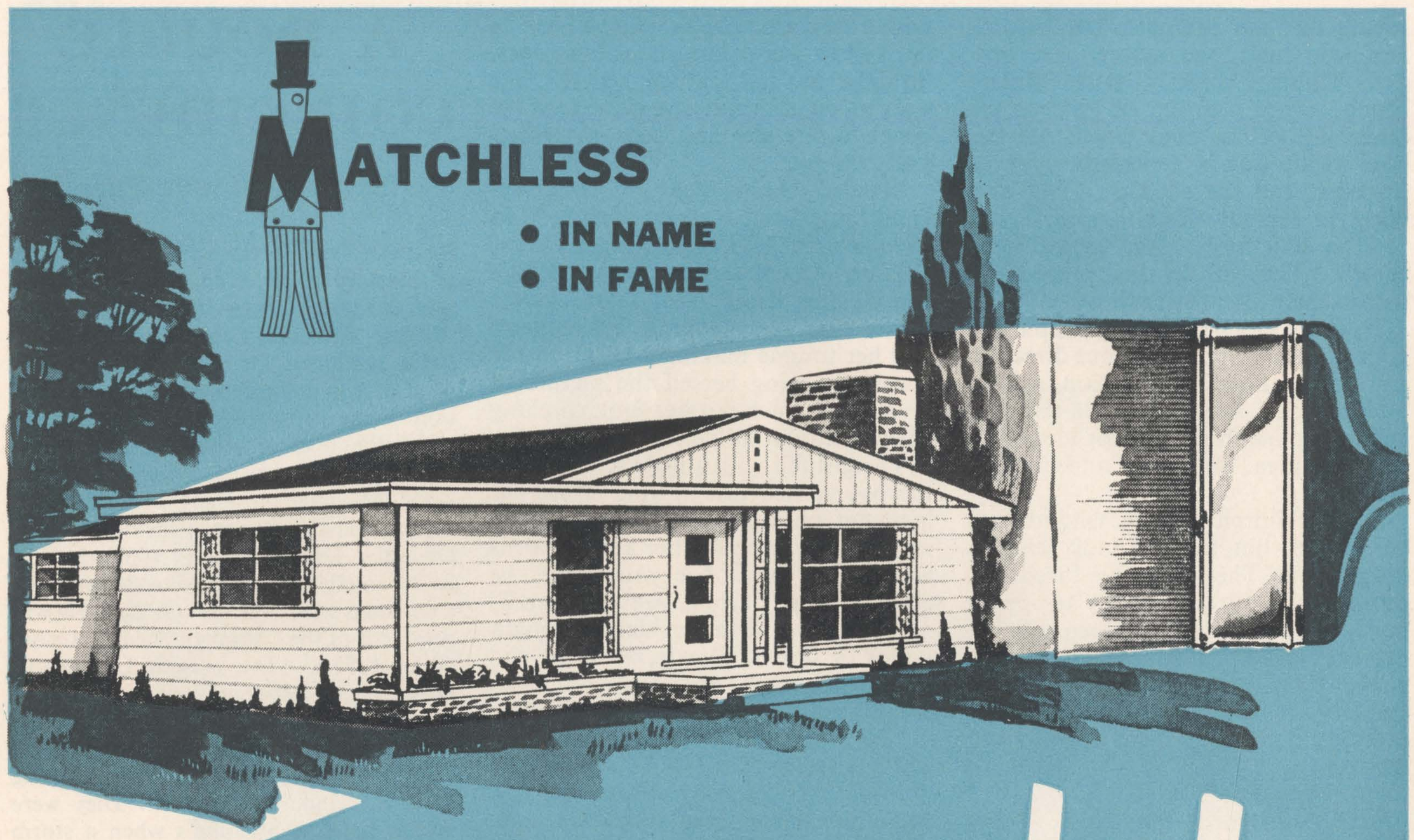
More than a century ago, relates the doctor, his grandfather, Peter Macpherson, then a young man, was returning from England with an aunt. They were within sight of St. John's when a storm drove them off-shore and dismasted the vessel. Under jury rig they could only run before the continuing strong westerlies and were blown back across the Atlantic to a little port on the Irish coast.

While the ship was being refitted there, the Macphersons were made welcome by many of the local people. In one cottage Peter Macpherson saw a portrait which seemed as though it should be familiar. His aunt, brought in to see it, recognized Peter's father, who had been lost at sea years before. He had had his portrait painted while he was in London and packed it inside a bale of goods for shipping. After the vessel foundered, the bale was washed ashore and the man who salvaged it had liked the painting and hung it in his home. The subject's son had drifted to land at the very spot where his father's picture had floated in a dozen years earlier!

Peter had been only a child of eight when his father was lost, which accounts for his not knowing at first whose portrait he saw. The painting was given to him and hung in the family home in St. John's.

"But remarkable as that tale is," writes Dr. Macpherson, "I think the odds against my hearing of it in the way I did were even heavier."

This is the story. In 1896 the young Cluny was on his way to McGill to study medicine. At Truro a bearded, middle-aged man boarded the train and at once lay down on a reserved couch and slept. When he awoke at lunch time, the student expressed the hope that his headache was better. "Thank you, my lad, but I have no headache," was the reply; "this is my time for sleep. For many months I have



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not gone to bed before 4.30 a.m." The young man wondered what occupation could make such an hour for retiring necessary. "Oh! I have no particular occupation. I am a gentleman of leisure, I suppose. But I do a lot of delicate experiments and find the earth much quieter and free from vibration after midnight. You may have seen my name in connection with the telephone. I am Bell, the inventor."

The young man recalled that Bell had visited his parents in St. John's some years earlier. "Then you are a Macpherson," said the inventor. "Come along and have lunch with me and give me all the St. John's news."

Alexander Melville Bell had at one time, in fact, lived in St. John's and it was Peter Macpherson who first recognized his great gift of elocution and persuaded him to return to Edinburgh and make it his life work.

After hearing about the family, Bell remarked: "And of course you still have that portrait with the very remarkable history." Cluny Macpherson had never heard of it, so Bell proceeded to tell him the story.

When he later got confirmation of the facts from his grandmother, Cluny learned that the portrait was never mentioned in the family, except for such occasions as a visit of the Bells, because of the distress occasioned by its loss in the great fire that destroyed St. John's in 1846.

Alexander Graham Bell had not actually seen the portrait, though the story had so impressed him that he erroneously believed he had. On the occasion of the visit he remembered, his father had asked to see it again. The elder Bell had been there when Peter Macpherson returned with it from Ireland. They were in fact great friends and worked in the same establishment.

Over that lunch on the train from Truro to Montreal, Alexander Graham Bell went on to tell his young friend about the experiments with flight that he was making. He illustrated his explanations by making a pencil sketch of something like the first aircraft so vividly described by Gordon Green in his *Silver Dart*, published by *The Atlantic Advocate* this spring. The inventor indicated the principles involved and said: "Now, as soon as we can get an engine light enough to pull that through the air fast enough, we are in the air; it is only a matter of stabilization after that."

That was five years before the first Wright achievement of flight. Dr. Macpherson wishes now that he had kept that dining-car menu!

"THE SILVER DART"
by H. Gordon Green

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association

ANNUAL MEETING at ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

by D. P. KEOGH

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' Association will this year hold its annual meeting—its eighty-eighth—at St. Andrews, N.B., June 7, 8 and 9.

The association has already held five conventions in the Atlantic Provinces, the first being in 1902 when the annual meeting was held in Halifax. Host on that occasion was the newly formed Nova Scotia Branch and following the meeting visits were paid to Sydney and Saint John. This was the first excursion of the kind organized by the C.M.A. and was so successful that it provided the pattern for all subsequent regional tours.

Thereafter the association returned to the Atlantic Provinces for its annual conventions of 1913, 1922, 1929 and 1949, and since that first visit in 1902 four Atlantic members have graced the presidential chair of the association. These were: the late Thomas Cantley, New Glasgow, N.S., 1916; the late W. S. Fisher, Saint John, N.B., 1921; the late L. W. Simms, Saint John, N.B., 1928; the late D. R. Turnbull, Halifax, 1939, and N. A. Hesler, LL.D., Sackville, N.B., 1948.

The 1922 and 1949 meetings were held in the Algonquin Hotel at St. Andrews, the former occasion being the first on which the association patronized a summer resort for its convention—something of a departure for the time.

This year the special convention train will touch at points of interest in the seaside provinces, Fredericton, Camp Gagetown, Saint John, Halifax and Charlottetown being on the itinerary. Special programmes, with formal luncheons or dinners addressed by the premiers of the respective host provinces, have been arranged.

The theme of this year's annual general meeting, "Build Industry—Build Canada," has special relevance for the Atlantic Provinces at this stage of their development, marked as it is by an upsurge of industrial activity that promises to transform the area's economy.

The "Build Industry—Build Canada" theme will be explored at St. Andrews through the medium of three plenary conferences on industrial relations, world trade and management. Some of the best minds in industry and public life will participate in the plenary sessions as speakers or panelists or as guest speakers at the principal meal events.

Well-known names are the rule at the C.M.A. annual general meetings, and, fittingly enough, one of the best-known at this 1959 conference will be that of a distinguished native son of the Atlantic Provinces, Nova Scotia-born Cyrus Eaton, chairman of the board of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company, an internationalist of note and one of America's leading industrialists. Mr. Eaton is to be the speaker at the annual dinner on June 9.

The association's president, Ian F. McRae, of Toronto, will deliver his presidential address at luncheon on June 8, and Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce, the Hon. Gordon Churchill, will be the speaker at dinner on June 8.

Mr. McRae is chairman of the board of Canadian General Electric Company Limited. He is also general manager of the company's civilian atomic power department.

Mr. McRae was born in Vancouver, B.C., in 1904, and was educated at public and high schools in that city. He joined Canadian General Electric in 1925. In 1937 he was made assistant to the works manager, and in 1941, he became works manager of the Peterborough works.

In 1950, Mr. McRae moved to the company's Toronto head office as assistant to the vice-president, manufacturing. In 1951 he was on loan to the federal government as director, guns division, Department of Defence Production. He was named vice-president, manufacturing, engineering and relations in 1952. In 1955 he was appointed general manager of the civilian atomic power department.

Mr. McRae was elected a director of the company in 1957, and at the beginning of last year, undertook his current responsibilities as chairman of the board.

Extremely active in the work of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Mr. McRae was chairman of the industrial relations committee for the term 1955-56.

Mr. Ian F. McRae
President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association

He was elected second vice-president of the Association for 1956-57 and first vice-president a year later.

Something of the scope of the plenary sessions is indicated by the topics assigned to individual speakers. The industrial relations conference, for example, will study "Implications to Top Management of Current Trends in Labour Relations", "The Legal Immunities of Trade Unions", and "More Management Initiative in Labour Relations".

The plenary session on world trade will be built around three major topics: "A United Europe", "Canadian-American Economic Inter-relationships" and "Communist Trade Objectives and Potential".

The management session will include a discussion on inflation and of government revenue requirements and taxation, and a survey of the trouble spots and dangers of foreign control of Canadian industry. The special problems of management will also come under study, with emphasis on communication, finance, manufacturing and marketing.

While the business meetings are in progress, the visiting ladies will be entertained at Black's Harbour and St. Stephen.

No less instructive than the three-day convention itself will be the tour of Atlantic Provinces centres that will precede and follow it. This will be, for delegates from central and western Canada, a window on the east coast's new industrial activity and on the natural beauty that has made the Atlantic Provinces a widely-travelled tourist centre for many years.

At Fredericton, while the delegates are en route to St. Andrews, the New Brunswick Power Commission will tender them a reception, which will be followed by a government luncheon.

After the annual meeting, a free day is available in Saint John and visitors will meet local members of the C.M.A. at dinner.

A day and night will be spent in Halifax and delegates have been invited to government and municipal receptions and dinners. Opportunity will be provided for visits to industrial plants, harbour facilities and other places of interest.

Continuing their tour, Charlottetown will be the venue of Prince Edward Island's government luncheon, following a motor tour from Borden by way of Cavendish in the National Park.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a non-profit, non-political organization of manufacturers in every line of industry, who are joined together to consider and take action on their common problems, was formed in Toronto in 1871.

It is a service organization with nine departments. These are: commercial intelligence; industrial relations; insurance; legal; membership; public relations; publishing; transportation; tariff, and the object of every one of these departments is service to the membership.

The commercial intelligence department is a storehouse of information on what is made, where it is made and under what conditions it is made. It publishes the *Canadian Trade Index*, the authoritative directory of all goods manufactured in Canada and the companies which make them. The department supplies members with detailed information on domestic and foreign sources of supply of manufactured goods and raw materials. It advises on methods of establishing and conducting export business, including commercial exports and potential foreign customers. It makes a study of priorities, controls, defence contracts and the statistics of production and trade.

The industrial relations department is staffed by experts in labour relations, including the negotiating of union agreements, collective bargaining and the presentation of cases before the Labour Relations Board. It is equipped to give up-to-date information with respect to minimum wages, hours of work, annual and statutory holidays, factory conditions and labour matters generally. It will advise on such things as employee benefits plans, pensions, workmen's compensation legislation and procedures.

The insurance department deals with all problems such as insurance and fire protection legislation and regulations, all classes of industrial insurance and the selection of insurance companies or agencies appropriate to the members' requirements.

The legal department counsels members on such subjects as federal, provincial and municipal taxation, trade marks, patents and the various acts and laws governing industry today. It has proved of great

assistance to members in the interpretation of legislation dealing with combines, discriminatory discounts and retail price maintenance.

The membership department, apart from informing prospective members as to their eligibility and fees, co-ordinates the efforts of all departments in a continuous programme of service to members.

The public relations department assists members in the development of satisfactory public, press and community relations, plant tours, the preparation of employee magazines, handbooks, manuals, leaflets and the more personalized type of company financial statements.

The publishing department, through the association's monthly magazine, *Industrial Canada*, gives wide circulation to new thoughts, ideas, problems and events of interest to members.

The transportation department is concerned with the conditions under which goods are shipped, weighed, handled, moved, stored, loaded and unloaded.

The tariff department gives advice on all import and export regulations, including rates of duty, tariff board appeals, trade agreements and international trade conferences. Preferential duties, invoicing requirements, import restrictions and quotas, excise and sales taxes are all studied in this department and the knowledge held for the benefit of member companies.

The association has an office in Ottawa and this office maintains a close liaison with all federal government departments, boards and agencies. But there is no intention or desire on the part of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to indulge in any form of political lobbying. The C.M.A. is entirely non-political.

The C.M.A. is national in scope. Apart from its head office in Toronto, it maintains divisions and branch offices right across the country, in St. John's, Moncton, Montreal, Quebec City, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. All these offices are in close contact and the board principles of service are maintained to members everywhere.

The C.M.A. is controlled and guided by its membership. Each department, division and branch is tied in with and guided by national, divisional or branch committees. In all, about a thousand members of the association serve on such committees and without remuneration. These men are the best experts in those varied fields to be found on the staffs of member companies. This vast reservoir of knowledge and experience is at the service of all member companies.

Over and above all the committees mentioned, there are the national executive council and the national executive committee. They are the "parliament" and "cabinet" of the association, and have full responsibilities of policy-making and decisions between annual meetings.

ATLANTICDOTE

OUR COMPASSIONATE PRINCE

DURING THE VISIT to Canada in 1951 of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (as they then were), a special ceremony was arranged by the Province of New Brunswick, to be held on the steps of the Legislative Assembly Building in Fredericton.

My husband, as Mayor of the city at that time, asked that the official bouquet from the people of Fredericton might be presented by the little daughter of a soldier who had been killed in action overseas just before she had been born.

It was a bitterly cold November morning, and, in spite of my protecting arms and coat, the child in her flimsy dress and low shoes shivered and shook whilst awaiting the correct moment of presentation.

A quiet voice said, suddenly, over my shoulder:

"The little girl is probably nervous as well as cold. Let her present the flowers now, and get it over with!"

I looked up into the smiling face of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh!

"Go on!" he nodded.

Was this a Royal Command? I was bereft of speech. Who was the more nervous then, the child or I?

I knew that there was one particular place in my husband's speech which was the correct moment for Sharon to go forward and curtsy, and present the huge sheaf of orchids—and tried to explain. Fortunately the ceremony began at that moment, and all went according to schedule.

Sharon is now in her teens, winning scholarships and "going places"—yet I am sure that both she and I will never forget the smiling, handsome Prince, who was truly solicitous for a child's welfare.

EVELYN R. WRIGHT

THE BRIGHT SIDE

With joy, it's true, in spring I sing
To see the winter pass,
'Cause under skies of blue I do
Not have to *shovel grass*.
But in the autumn's chill I will
Enthuse like any poet
About the snow; it's cold, I know,
But I don't have to *mow it*.

EDITH MOSHER

The Visionary

by GLORIA LOGAN

NO ONE COULD have been more surprised than Martha Lang when Eva Buchan, her new neighbour, turned out to be the reincarnation of Emily Brontë. Of course, Miss Martha lived right next door to the old Post house in which Eva had taken up residence, and so she had what she often referred to later as "a ring-side seat".

Eva was, it appeared, a born vibrator. She could walk down Carsdale's one street and tell who had been fighting with whom, who had not slept well lately, and if not, why not.

"It's all vibrations, my dear," she cooed to Martha over their first cup of tea in Martha's garden.

Miss Martha snorted.

"It's true," Eva continued. "The whole earth, nay, the entire universe . . . everything . . . vibrates on a certain plane, and those of us who are gifted"—here she shot a side-long glance at Miss Martha—"those of us who are gifted, simply tune ourselves in, as it were, until we are on the same plane of vibration as the whole universe. When we are completely *en rapport* there are revealed to us great mysteries."

"*Great mysteries*," she repeated.

"And that, my dear, is what I wished to see you about."

"Me?" Miss Martha stared.

"Yes. You simply must keep your cat out of my garden. He curls up in that sunny spot by the hedge . . . a spot I have chosen myself because I find the warm sun conducive to meditation. And you must know, my dear, that cats are notoriously hostile to the spirit world."

"He disturbs your vibrations, I gather," Miss Martha said somewhat dryly.

"Exactly," Eva Buchan smiled. "You will . . . ?"

"Moto has basked in that garden for seven years," Miss Martha mused. "No one has ever complained before."

"But then, I daresay the other occupants of the house were not quite . . . shall we say . . . so sensitive as I am."

By this time, Miss Martha, who was by no means a spiritualist, was vibrating herself, particularly around her thin mouth and her aristocratic nostrils. This visible nostril twitching was a sign that Miss Martha was keeping her temper only under extreme difficulty. Anyone in Carsdale would have recognized the danger signals and dropped the subject under discussion. But Miss Eva Buchan was new to Carsdale, and she couldn't be expected to know the length of Miss Martha's patience.

"There is no limit to the powers of the mind," Eva murmured.

"But there is a limit to one's credulity." Miss Martha pushed the tea-pot violently. "To be quite frank, Miss Buchan, I'm from Missouri. In other words, you've got to show me."

Eva twitched her shoulder as if she were flicking away a troublesome fly.

"How can I show you when it's something I feel in here?" She placed her long, pale hand on her forehead. "It's something intangible, my dear, proof is out of the question. You'll just have to believe me. But wait a minute." She appeared to be concentrating.

"Yes, I believe I can show you if the vibrations are right. We shall have a séance in my parlour tonight, and then, ah then, Miss Martha, you too, will be a believer."

Miss Martha was, in a sense, a believer already. She believed that Eva Buchan, to put it mildly, had a couple of screws loose.

"*A ce soir*," Eva carolled, and stepped through the hedge to her own garden.

"*A ce soir*, indeed," Miss Martha muttered, but just the same, at eight o'clock that night she was ringing the Buchan door-bell.

Miss Martha had been in the Post living-room before and she was not unprepared for some change. What she was not prepared for at all was the vast difference Eva Buchan had made. The entire living-room had been done in pseudo-Victorian style. In fact, it was the exact replica of what Miss Martha had always presumed the Brontës' parlour to have been like at Haworth Vicarage.

"Shades of Wuthering Heights," Miss Martha snorted.

Eva Buchan was twittering around the room in the last stages of preparation for the coming séance.

"I'm so glad you're here." She paused like a tiny grey hummingbird before darting over to pull the heavy velvet drapes.

"We'll have tea while we wait," she said.

"Wait for what?" Miss Martha said, brusquely.

"For everyone to get in a receptive mood, of course."

"Oh, of course."

While she waited for Eva Buchan to bring in the tea-tray, Miss Martha gazed around the room. Suddenly a small thought gleamed in the back of her mind, and behind it scampered a naughty little plan, a plan with which Miss Martha toyed all the rest of the evening.

"Not that I'd dare, of course," she kept telling herself. "But then why not? If the thing goes too far, why, it could upset the whole village. There's no telling where it would end, perhaps a scandal, even . . .

with sightseers from all over coming to have a look at the famous medium's house. No, that would never do," Miss Martha decided, thinking more of her herbaceous border, which was sure to suffer if and when the imagined invasion transpired.

"How did you manage to get your living-room so authentic?" Miss Martha enquired when tea had been poured.

"I remembered," Eva answered calmly.

"You remembered?" Miss Martha gulped. It was even worse than she had supposed.

"Yes," Eva continued. "The subconscious retains all the impressions of past lives, and we all . . . you too, Miss Martha . . . have lived many past lives. This frail body"—she looked down at her grey-clad form pityingly—"this frail body is only a little house . . . and the soul has had many such houses."

Miss Martha said nothing. It was to the interest of the plan that she draw Eva Buchan out . . . let her talk . . . find out what was going on behind that pale mask of mystery.

Eva Buchan leaned forward, aware that she had captured Miss Martha's interest.

Her pale face was radiant. "When one becomes attuned with the Great Power, one can discover for oneself just what has gone on in our previous existences."

"You mean that it's possible for me to discover or remember something of my past life?" Miss Martha breathed.

"If you become attuned," Miss Eva Buchan smiled, as if she found it slightly amusing that Miss Martha Lang, Carsdale's staid dressmaker, should even entertain such an idea.

"Then you are . . ." Miss Martha waved her hand around the pseudo-Victorian room . . .

"Yes, my dear," Eva said breathlessly. "I am the reincarnation of Emily Brontë."

Miss Martha presented her stomach with a chunk of cake totally unmasticated. It rode like a boat on the waves of her indignation.

"How did you find out?" she managed, swallowing a mouthful of tea.

"My dear," Eva Buchan sighed, "I think I was born knowing."

"But that seems to me to be in the realm of the . . . well . . . in the same class with people who think they're Napoleon."

"Not at all," Eva said coolly. "Those people are mentally deranged. They are suffering from delusions of grandeur. They only think . . . they do not know or believe."

Miss Martha recalled suddenly the man who had been taken away from Carsdale some ten years before. He was so sure that he was Nelson that he was always prostrating himself on the street and shrieking: "Kiss me, Hardy." He had affected a nautical manner, even as Eva Buchan had affected the Victorian customs.

"But", said Miss Martha, "are you absolutely sure?"

Miss Buchan smiled patronizingly. "Of course, my dear."

Miss Martha digested this information in much the same way as her stomach was working on the cake . . . slowly and painfully.

"Of course," added Eva, "there's the business of the E.B.'s."

"The eebie-jeebies," Miss Martha's mind tittered.

"Yes." Eva Buchan leaned forward. "Why else do you suppose my mother called me Eva?"

"Why, indeed."

"Pre-natal influence," Eva said triumphantly. "She had to call me 'Eva', because I willed it, even in the womb. E.B. . . . Emily Brontë . . . E.B. . . . Eva Buchan. And if I were suffering from delusions of grandeur wouldn't I have chosen some one much more famous, say, Queen Elizabeth the First, or Madame . . .

"Blavatsky," suggested Miss Martha.

Eva's look was withering. "You see, Emily Brontë is quite obscure. Her poetry . . . my poetry," she corrected herself, "is not understood even in this age of comparative enlightenment and critical analysis."

She leaned back in her chair and began to quote:

Hush, a rustling wing stirs, methinks,
the air!
He for whom I wait thus ever comes
to me
Strange Power! I trust thy might,
trust thou my constancy.

Miss Martha was unimpressed. "Anyone can quote poetry."

"But the point is"—Eva Buchan was strangely agitated—"I never learned it from memory. I was born knowing those lines."

"But I feel you are not sympathetic." Eva rose. "I'm afraid our little séance will have to be postponed."

"Postponed?" Miss Martha was surprised.

"Yes, it is, after all, an exhausting thing . . . communing . . . getting in tune with the divine order of things . . . and I really feel, Miss Martha, that your vibrations are definitely out of harmony. In fact, I might go so far as to say they are even hostile."

When Miss Martha left a few minutes later, Eva Buchan was still seated before the grate fire, trying desperately to vibrate on the right channel.

The next sunny day Moto went into Eva's garden. Dutifully, Miss Martha retrieved him. He went back again and again, and each time Miss Martha pushed herself through the hedge and brought him back. The last time she gave him a smart slap on his velvety black ears, after which Moto crept under the back doorstep and swore ancient Siamese curses at whoever came within jeering distance.

It was shortly after this that Miss Martha made an abrupt visit to the city. She came back laden with parcels and books from the reference library. She was very busy far into the night.

The next afternoon she made no attempt to stop Moto when she saw his tawny body sidle through the hedge into the old Post garden. But she was ready some ten minutes later when Eva Buchan rang her door-bell.

She had been careful to be quite authentic. The voluminous black gown and its matching frilly bonnet had been copied from a portrait found in one of the books. And her research had been extensive, if somewhat boring.

She stood at her low work-table, some scraps of cloth spread out before her. A pair of dress-maker's scissors gleamed in her hand.

"My dear," Eva began at once, "your cat . . .

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," Miss Martha lied breathlessly.

"I knew you'd want to share my new-found joy . . ."

Eva Buchan looked mystified.

"Yes," nodded Miss Martha's frilled head. "You see I've suddenly discovered who I am . . . and it's all because of you." She brandished the scissors and Eva took an involuntary step backward.

"Miss Lang, I don't understand," she began.

"It was the initials that tipped me off," Miss Martha continued. "Oh, I can tell you . . . that E.B. business made a great, a profound change in me."

"But . . . but . . . Miss Martha . . . who are you? Why are you dressed in that bonnet? Why?"

"My dear Eva . . . let me . . . I want you to be the first to know. My dear . . . I am the reincarnation of Mary Lamb."

Eva Buchan gasped and shrank into her chair.

"Yes," Miss Martha said, "and I don't mean to be nasty, dear, but the evidence in my case is much more conclusive than in yours."

"But how did you discover this?"

"Simple!" Miss Martha waved the scissors wildly. "As I said before, the initials tipped me off. M.L. . . . and then in a great rush it all came back . . . even the similarity of my last name . . . Lang . . . Lamb . . . Mary . . . Martha. And then there's the dressmaking . . . isn't it odd, dear Eva, that in this life I should choose the same vocation . . . the same one which brought me so much sorrow before? It worries me."

Eva was silent.

"To think that in that long-ago time we were almost contemporaries," she mused. "When I was about eighty you would be writing *Wuthering Heights*. My literary career was a great disappointment, you know. I remember my Shakespeare designed for young persons. I wrote fourteen stories, and Charles only eight. Yet he got all the credit." She clicked the scissors fiercely.

"I could have murdered him, too."

The word "too" fluttered like a dying bird in the room.

"And my birthday coincided," she added, irrelevantly. "I was born December 3, 1764 . . . and again on December 3 . . . in this my present existence."

Eva Buchan made a motion as if to leave.

Miss Martha stayed her with a wave of the scissors.

"You've got to help me," she said. "You know my previous history. Tell me,"—she hoped she looked sincere—"do you think there's any chance that I would . . . would murder someone . . . if I were provoked? Oh, it needn't be anything big . . . just little irritations piling up . . . like my mother's constant nagging before . . . until one little thing would prove to be the last straw. Do you, Miss Buchan?" She twisted her face in mock agony. "I just couldn't bear it. I wish . . . I wish I had never found out the truth."

Eva Buchan rose with some difficulty. "I must go," she said faintly . . . "I really feel quite ill."

At various times throughout the week, Martha permitted herself to be observed sitting quietly in the garden . . . always toying with her scissors or the sharp knife she used for cutting the roses. She timed her appearances to coincide with Eva Buchan's meditation hour . . . and not once did she let Moto get all the way through the hedge, although she was careful to be seen retrieving him with what she hoped was a murderous look on her face.

At the first of the week two large moving vans drove up to the old Post house and there was a great bustle of activity. Miss Martha put on her frilled Mary Lamb bonnet and taking her scissors went out to cut roses.

Eva Buchan, brave now in the presence of so many men, came over to the hedge.

"I'm going away," she smiled. "I felt a sudden uncontrollable urge for the Yorkshire moors . . . my beloved moors," she said.

"Perhaps the vibrations there will be better," answered Miss Martha, going on snipping roses.

When Miss Martha went into her own house she threw the hot stuffy bonnet on the chest, with a wicked little chuckle. Then she pulled back the curtains and watched the last van swirl down the gravelled driveway.

"Silent is the house," she murmured . . . it was the opening line of one of Emily Brontë's poems. The old Post house indeed was silent at last . . . and the sunlit garden was empty . . . save for the tawny Siamese Moto in his favourite spot . . . kneading his paws in Oriental meditation.

THE KENNEBECASIS RIVER *is famous for its Yacht Club and is the centre of sailing activity each summer. The Indians called it "Deep River", and it is, in fact, the deepest river in New Brunswick. The picture is of Sandy Point, a favourite place for boating and picnic parties.*

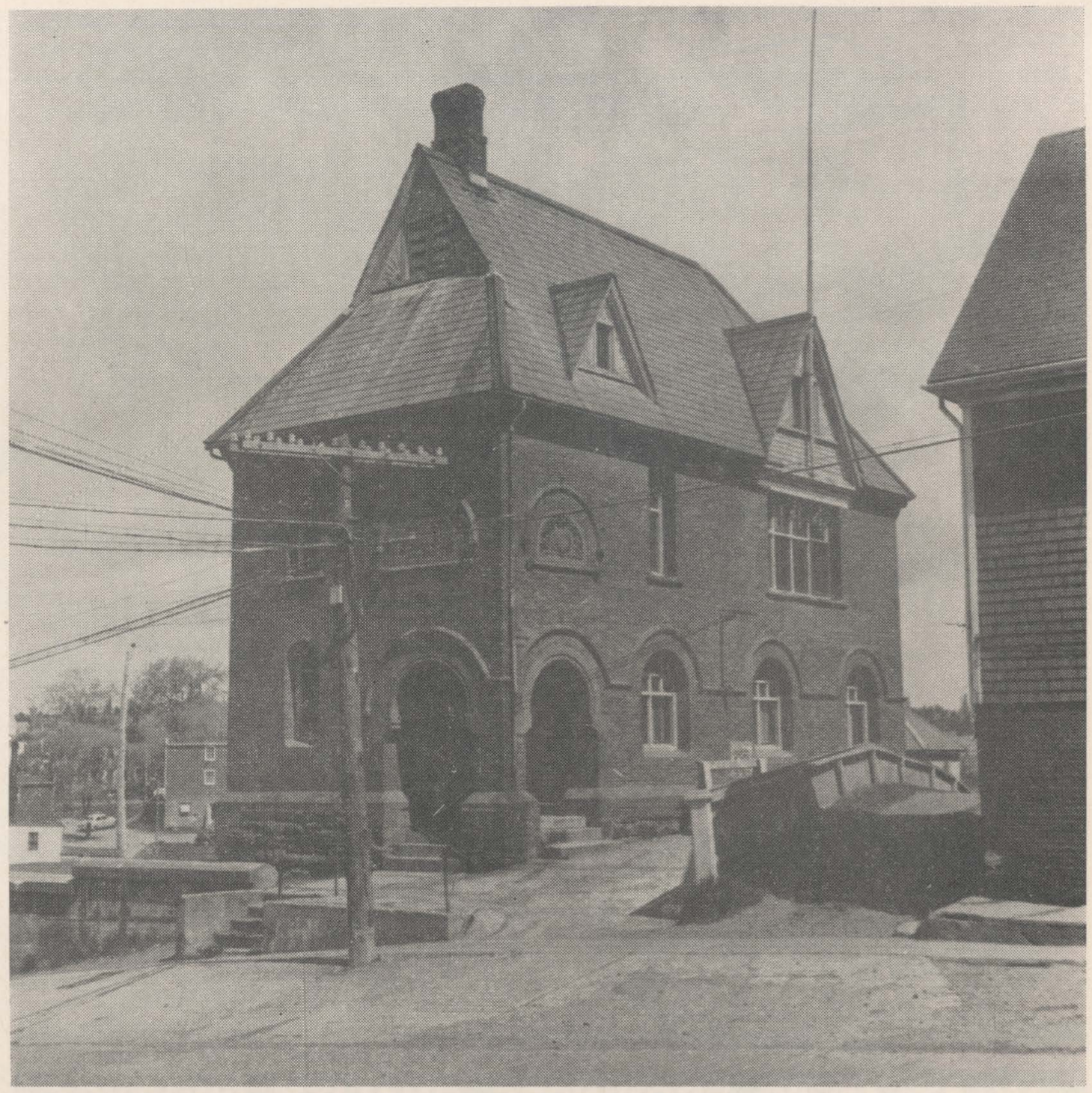
The lower picture shows the park area at the REVERSING FALLS *during slack tide. Twice in every twenty-four hours the Fundy tide sweeps up against the powerful current of the St. John River and forces its way upstream over the rapids leading into a gorge, creating the phenomenon of the Reversing Falls.*

LANDMARK AT SAINT JOHN *is the Martello Tower, silhouetted against the sky-line on a rocky promontory in Lancaster. The Tower was one of the main defence strong-points of Saint John, erected at the time of the Napoleonic Wars.*

THE MARKET SLIP *is the historic spot where the United Empire Loyalists landed on May 18, 1783, to make their new home in New Brunswick after the American Revolutionary War. It is about to be demolished to make way for the new Irving office building.*

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF MUSEUM

by Sybil MacLean



The Museum at Montague

DURING THE WINTER months of 1957 the members of the Montague, Prince Edward Island, branch of the Junior Board of Trade were busy men. Some time in the previous year they had conceived the idea that the town should have a museum. The province did not have one, and the fact that the historic old Post Office building was now vacant and available made the time seem right. Furthermore, it was well known that homes and out-buildings throughout King's County were storehouses of interesting and historic items.

Would the people part with those old family possessions? The young men thought they would. At any rate, they started to renovate the building, and their ambition was to make it attractive and suitable for the housing and displaying of the valuable articles they hoped to acquire.

In January, February and March, while others were skating and curling, there was not one night that the Junior Board of Trade boys could not be found patching plaster, scraping woodwork, painting ceilings, making cabinets, cutting glass, hammering and sawing. Besides the headaches which came from the ups and downs in this particular part of the work, there were naturally many obstacles to be overcome. Keen interest had to be recruited and a considerable amount of expense was involved. At one stage, the men found it financially necessary to hold a bean supper, which they prepared and served all by themselves.

The old building was built in the nineteenth century of local brick and sandstone from quarries a short distance up the Montague River. Although the town had willingly given the building, the citizens were at first skeptical, as it was generally thought that it was too great an undertaking for any one group or organization to sponsor, but with Gilbert Clements as chairman of the project, it was not long until it was evident that nothing would stop these men. They went about this task resolutely. A great deal of correspondence was carried on with people versed in the preservation of historic relics. Several museums were approached and all were helpful and encouraging.

Articles were received on loan, and could be returned to the owners on request. One member made a splendid job of listing, tagging and forwarding receipts to donors. To catalogue the numerous small items properly was, of course, very important.

In the section of old tools may be seen frows, hammers, iron dogs, vice screws, braces, moulding planes, sickles, large pit saws and broad axes, most of which were hand made but had served well the purposes of the times. People in their eighties and nineties (we have many in this age group) really enjoy the museum, as their thoughts go back to a happy past. It is nostalgic to see once familiar objects, long since obsolete, such as buggy lamps, lanterns and heaters, the cobbler's last, hand-blown glass vases and decanters of exquisite design.

Women of that bygone era must have been vain, judging by the lace crimpers and the various irons they had, sad irons, pleating irons, tailor irons and scallop irons.

If you are interested in agriculture you'll like the grain cradles and flails, the wooden oxen yokes, hay rakes, potato dusters, bucket yokes, thistle pullers, hand-made iron hinges, wooden shovels, ring hames, wooden ploughs, old balance scales, hay forks, collapsible buckets for horses to drink from, crude knives for cutting hay stacks, fleam for bleeding animals, and a very large, old, driving sleigh which came from the Lowlands of Scotland in 1825. It arrived here in a ship that sailed into port at Wightman's Point. This latter item takes up considerable space but it is worth it, both from a standpoint of interest and utility. Women can put their small children in it while they are looking at check reels, yarn twisters, broom spoon holders and one of the most ancient of skein winders, unusual tongs for a fireplace, or an Indian canoe paddle which was used when the province was Isle St. Jean.

The spinning and weaving items, large and small, poured in from all over the country, although it was feared that most such things had gone to the United States.

Literary curiosities are here in abundance; old journals of 1832, Sutherland's Geography 1861, school books of 1863, and some extremely interesting and amusing deeds dating back to 1788. A White Sands Church journal, beautifully written, records all doings and transactions from 1841 to 1872. One might conclude from these old manuscripts that this generation has lost the art of penmanship. Folks may see the original stamping block used in the old Post Office, and the Dominion of Canada item published in the *Daily Examiner* which appeared twice a week for two months when our now Museum Building was first designated as a Post Office in the province. There are many old Island newspapers and magazines. The King's County *Advertiser* published in Georgetown is surprising, and there are numerous small writing items, and unusual old books and Bibles. Very entertaining is a large photograph album that contains all the earlier pictures of shipbuilding at the port of Montague, as well as scenes of fishing, boating, and some depicting the social scene of the day.

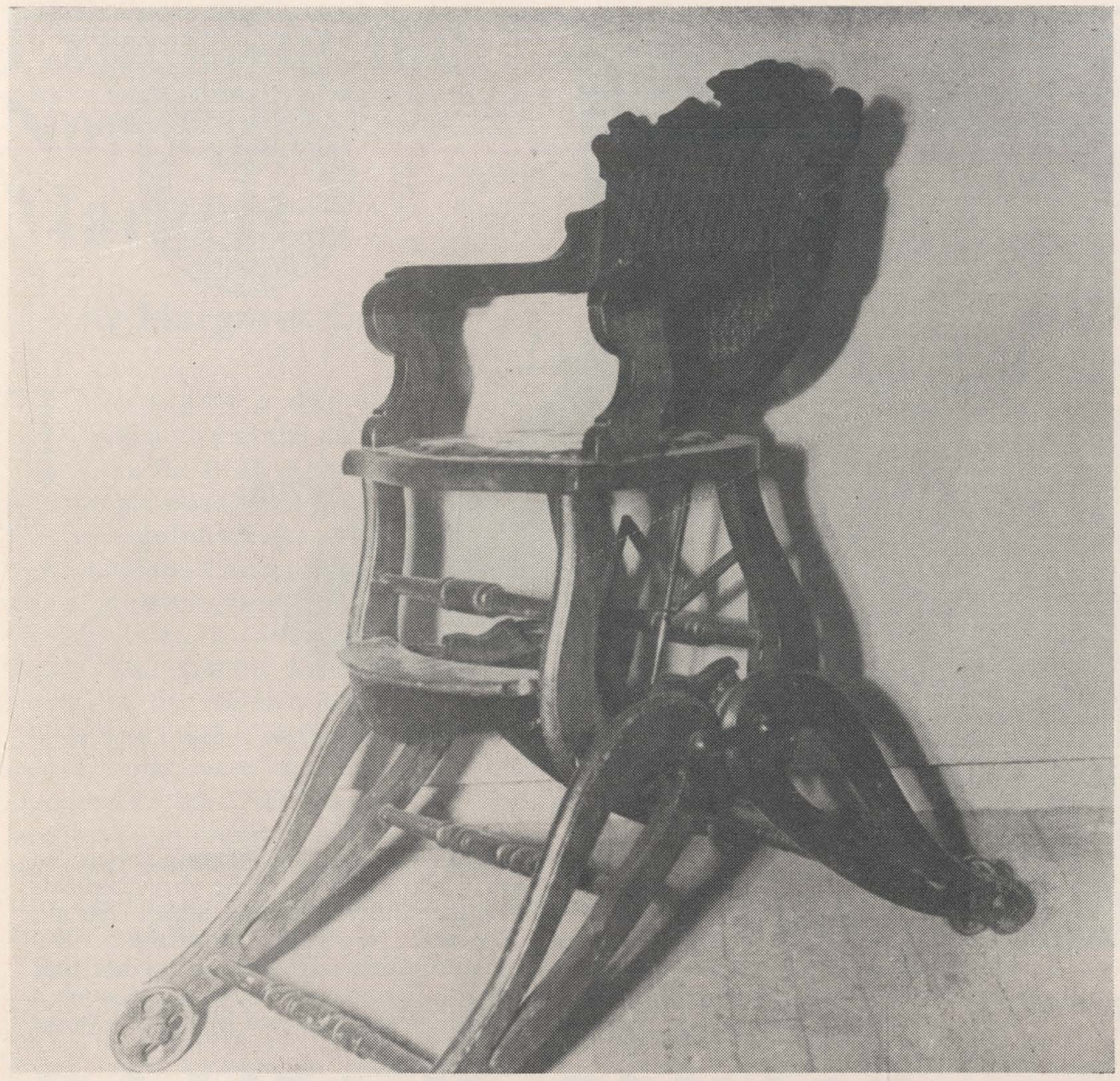
Most people enjoy the section of old clocks. While there are not a great many of these, yet each one seems to have something special about it that catches the imagination of the visitor. Grandfather clocks, and hand-made wooden clocks over one hundred and fifty years old are still working. One clock has all wooden works.

The history that goes with each musket, revolver, or rifle, is a story of the Island in itself. There are swords, scabbards, and a sixteen-pound shot which is reported to have been fired daily at Burnt Point. A walking cane with a sharp sword concealed inside is not what you might call a friendly item, although some people thought it was a splendid idea.

Jugs, pitchers, plates and platters of old ironstone china take the eye of many, as well as the glass cruets, silver communion cups, candle moulds in all sizes, and early iron toys. A horse and wagon toy elicits much comment. Skilled artisans surely were at work in those days. Fine craftsmen without the aid of modern machinery made articles durable and of beauty. A watch of 1881, with a story in connection with the ship *Northern Light*, is worth seeing and hearing about.

Quite a wonderful picture-taking collection has been acquired, from the three-dimensional views of early vintage down through the years.

The Victor talking machine and the Edison cylinder records are quite a revelation to the teen-agers. They are amazed to learn that some of us used ear-phones, not loud speakers, when radio first came on the scene.



Child's high-chair which can be turned into a low rocker

There are a few old baby cradles which are lovely, and a four-way high-chair which has the most modern facilities in spite of the fact that it is old. Made of the choicest of wood this is one of the most popular things on display.

Those who like beauty appreciate a large screen made of wrought copper and brought to Isle St. Jean from France many, many years ago. It is in perfect condition, and the design is exquisite both on the copper side and on the reverse side which is a French pastoral scene on tapestry.

A set of sterling silver which came from Scotland, and which was formerly owned by Dr. John Meggat of Dumfriesshire, an uncle of Mrs. Wallace Aitken, of Lower Montague, includes a dozen each of fruit knives and forks with mother-of-pearl handles, and a dozen each of fish knives and forks with unusually intricate carving on the silver.

Several old paintings done by Island artists in the 1880's grace the walls. There is a collection of Island birds and fur-bearing animals (not extensive), a small collection of coins and bills, a bottle sealer and stamp used in that day to good advantage, a leather fire bucket which one could throw off a roof without breaking. This bucket, though not in use for so many years, is still as good as new with the leather not broken or even cracked.

Premier A. W. Matheson lent a very interesting article, which is a handmade replica of one of the boats used when Northumberland Strait was crossed in an almost unbelievable manner. Several men walked, and pulled the boats they were strapped to over the ice. If they ran into open water they climbed aboard. This was actually more dangerous than it sounds, and at best, it was a most uncomfortable way to travel and transport mail.*

A pair of glasses, very small although they were for an adult, are probably as big a curiosity as anything in the museum. The steel frames carry on from the lenses right around the head where they fasten with a snap.

Last year on Friday, May 16, the Garden of the Gulf Museum was officially opened by His Excellency, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, P.C., C.H., Governor-General of Canada.

People have responded to the appeal for relics so promptly and generously that it has now become apparent that the Junior Board of Trade boys have to start all over again. This time they go upstairs, and there is no doubt from the extra material they now have that they will make just as fine a presentation on the second floor.

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* For details of these hazardous winter crossings, see "Sagas of the Strait" by Lorne C. Callbeck, in the February, 1959, issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*.

Exploring the Northern Markets

by Margaret Crosby

Courtesy Imperial Oil Limited

Eskimo sculpture of three walruses

THIS MONTH a ship from Halifax will arrive at the mouth of Hamilton River in Labrador, carrying Atlantic products for a rich, new market. This transportation service, operated by Newfoundland-Canada Steamships Limited, is a development of the confidence of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council and Atlantic business men in the quality of the region's products.

This new market includes military personnel from every state in the United States, Canadian servicemen and their families, and thousands of Canadian civilian workmen. Their domains are the big air force bases in Newfoundland and the far north of the east coast.

Reaching this new market has been a special project of APEC, and this spring eighteen directors of APEC headed a flying trade exhibit to these markets. Those who went on the trip included fifty-three business men and one woman radio broadcaster. I was the woman.

The three great air force stations at Frobisher, Goose Bay and Harmon Field last year spent about $100 million on trade purchases. But Atlantic producers only supplied about 4½ per cent of these items.

An advance party of the flying trade exhibit, twenty strong, took off from the Maritimes in a Maritime Central Airways DC-4, and began the three-hour flight to Goose Bay in Labrador. As we flew over the town of Gaspé I was positive I could spot the gulls on Percé and Bonaventure, and I thought immediately of Jacques Cartier in the 1500's. He was looking westward; we were heading north. When we landed at Goose Bay we were greeted by no less than eight cab companies, and the schoolboys were rushing out of the heated swimming pool with parkas on their heads and bathing trunks over their arms.

To appreciate the potential Atlantic market at Goose Bay it is necessary to have a clear picture of this strategic commercial and military aviation centre. It is a far cry from the days of the early fur traders, although the Hudson's Bay Company still does a thriving business, because they have realized the potential of the north, and until APEC decided to venture into their realm, no one else had the incentive to challenge them in this century.

Goose Bay has an area of about 120 square miles, controlled by the R.C.A.F. It is one of the best airfield sites in the world. There are about 5,000 persons in the R.C.A.F. portion of Goose Bay. Approximately 500 children attend the modern schools, which follow the Ontario system of education.

Group Captain Swetnam, whom many Maritimers remember as a former commanding officer at Summerside, did everything possible to make the APEC exhibit at Goose Bay a success. The liaison with the United States Army Air Force and with Colonel A. J. Beck is excellent, and many buyers from the American base added dollars to the coffers of the Atlantic Provinces exhibitors.

From Goose Bay we travelled about eighteen miles by R.C.A.F. snowmobile to the Grenville Mission at North-West River. We visited the Cree Indian settlement on this side of the river, where the department of health is combatting tuberculosis and infant mortality. There is a market here in both of these areas for Atlantic products as well as at the air force bases.

The same need is apparent in the civilian and Eskimo village of "Happy Valley", suburb of Goose Bay, and at the experimental rehabilitation Eskimo community in Frobisher.

Frobisher Bay is a 200-mile long funnel-shaped body of water. It took Martin Frobisher sixty-five days to reach it from England in the 16th century. Now, from Frobisher, you can reach any part of the world in about thirty-six hours' flying time. Frobisher is indeed on the roof of the world.

This spring the population of Frobisher was only 300 people, but officials of the department of transport and of the department of northern affairs predict that the population will be five times as great by 1960 and the area strip will be lengthened from 8,000 to 10,000 feet.

The old-fashioned pantry is a very important part of the civilian home at Frobisher. Six families would store foodstuffs worth $6,000 for the long winter season. Frobisher is about 150 miles from the Arctic Circle. The additional population also means an increase in building. Here too is a tremendous potential market for Atlantic Provinces construction materials, frozen and canned goods, and office supplies.

At Harmon air base the same market exists, but with one great difference. The location is much closer to the source of supply. This is the base of the United States Strategic Command, situated on the west coast of Newfoundland, and on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is accessible by boat, by plane and rail, and the market is there.

At Frobisher one exhibitor almost sold a calculator to an Eskimo. The Eskimo had $175 in his pocket, but he was still $75 short. He wanted to take the thing apart to discover how it worked.

When the summer construction season opens, there will be a great activity of tractors, graders and jeeps in the north.

Air force bases form only a beginning of the northern market which is to come. Explorations for oil and minerals have just begun.

The exhibitors were greatly impressed with what they saw, and the buyers too were impressed with the products they were shown.

During May, officials of APEC were getting in touch with producers and processors throughout the Atlantic area to acquaint them with this market. The development has only begun. All of us, in these provinces by the sea, can benefit from the Canadian northland, and some day I want to visit that part of the country again.

ROUND and ABOUT - - - by Vedette

Lord Beaverbrook and the Military Pageant

"It was a very thrilling moment for me," Lord Beaverbrook said of his eightieth birthday celebration at the Military Pageant on May 25th. He said: "I would much rather be 18 than 80, and if I were 18, I would like to join this army which has made such a brilliant display tonight. It is the very best entertainment I've seen." He congratulated Brigadier R. W. Moncel, commander of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade Group at Camp Gagetown, who originated the idea for the pageant and planned it and carried it through to triumph. The Army has never had a better advertisement, in peacetime at any rate.

* * *

Flawless Performance

The pageant was a flawless performance, played to packed houses on each night. The proceeds on the first two nights went to the I.O.D.E., and the final night, being Lord Beaverbrook's birthday, to the U.N.B. Building Fund. The night's takings were added to the gigantic total of the fund, doubled by the Hon. Hugh John Flemming on behalf of the Province of New Brunswick, and presented to Lord Beaverbrook, U.N.B.'s Chancellor, as a contribution of $2,900,000. And the fund raising goes on.

* * *

Brigadier R. W. Moncel

There is real regret in New Brunswick, mixed with the congratulations showered on him, that the province must lose Brigadier Moncel through his appointment as Quartermaster-General to the Canadian Army. He will take up his new appointment at Ottawa on July 1st. He will be succeeded at Camp Gagetown by Brigadier E. D. Danby as commander of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade Group. Brigadier Danby commanded the Carleton and York Regiment in Italy, and has many old friends in New Brunswick.

* * *

Spelling Problems

School children in Fredericton are having a problem in spelling with the word "Maliseet". A school on one side of the river insists on the word being spelled "Maliseet", while a school on the opposite side of the river insists that the only correct spelling is "Malecite". Dr. George Frederick Clarke, who wrote the pageant article on de Villebon last month, tells us that there are a great many spellings of "Maliseet", including "Malecite", "Marechite", "Malicite", "Melicite", and more. W. O. Raymond, in his *History of the River St. John*, used "Maliseet", with which Dr. Clarke agrees.

There is also a disagreement among the city schools of Fredericton as to the name that should be used for the residence of the Indians. Some call it "wigwam", and others call it "teepee". "Wigwam" is the word used by Algonkian tribes, which ranged east of the great plains. "Teepee" has its origin in the Sioux language and applies to the west. "Teepee" also has a considerable number of spelling variations including "tepee" and "tipi".

* * *

Just to add some further confusion to the problem of spelling Indian words, would-be scholars might observe that the sound of the letter "r" did not exist in the Micmac language. Words such as Oromocto were actually pronounced "Ollomocto".

* * *

A Flag for Canada

Harry P. Wade, writer of the article "A Flag for Canada", is a resident of Nova Scotia and a civil servant of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration. His ingenious proposal is one that could hardly come from anyone outside the province. Whether or not Nova Scotia is prepared to share its flag with the rest of Canada, it will be readily admitted that it is perhaps the most beautiful and historic of all such emblems.

* * *

Mr. Wade is a First World War veteran, who served overseas with the Gunners and was discharged over forty years ago with a hundred per cent disability, which he has triumphantly outlived. He is a Maritimer of pre-Loyalist stock. His family is represented by several generations of vigorous citizens who are leaders in several fields, including sport. Neil Wade, a nephew, was recently awarded an Athlone scholarship for all-round excellence on graduation from U.N.B. and will go to London University after a summer spent working at Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories.

* * *

The right of Nova Scotia to the flag is by the grant of arms to the Province in 1625. Four years previously, King James VI of Scotland, who was also King James I of England, had granted all the lands lying between New England and Newfoundland to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, near Stirling, to form a colony.

* * *

The Arms were the National Arms of Scotland interchanged: with the colours reversed. The Scottish Arms are a blue field with a white St. Andrews cross, the Nova Scotian Arms a white field with a blue cross. In the centre of this are the Royal Arms of Scotland, the Royal Lion "rampant, red on gold ground".

* * *

At the time of Confederation, in 1867, a new Coat of Arms was granted to Nova Scotia by the College of Arms in London. This was a design of three thistles and a salmon, and it was not regarded favourably by the people of Nova Scotia, whose proud and unique heritage was lost to them for a time. It was not until January 19, 1929, that King George V by Royal Warrant revoked the modern Arms and re-instituted the old. The authority included the right to bear the Arms upon "Seals, Shields, Banners or otherwise according to the laws of Arms". Hence the right to fly the flag.

* * *

At present, the Union Jack is the national badge flag of all the Queen's realms. Each realm is required to have a "differenced" version of one or other of the ensigns, Red, Blue or White without the naval red cross. Canada uses Red and Blue Ensigns as national flags with a shield of the ensigns of public authority: which is as inappropriate as a man playing baseball with a fishing rod. So there seems good ground for a change.

* * *

Sir Eric Bowater

One of the highlights of the visit of the four Atlantic Premiers to London just a year ago was Sir Eric Bowater's party for them at the Savoy on the night of the Derby. In a private room he regaled them with a sumptuous dinner spiced with entertainment by London's leading vaudeville artists; and to meet them he collected some of the most influential business and industrial leaders of Britain.

Sir Eric Bowater

Shareholders of the Bowater Paper Corporation and its subsidiary companies have just received the accounts for the past year. They are in summarized form, with an explanatory note that the printing of the full book of accounts is delayed by the industrial dispute in the printing trade in England. In their abbreviated version they show enough to gladden the hearts of shareholders. They disclose the staggering figure of $50 million as the trading surplus for the year, with a profit of $35 million.

* * *

They also show that the premium on the Canadian dollar, that bane of Canadian business, cost the Newfoundland Company at Corner Brook and the Mersey Company at Liverpool, Nova Scotia, no less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ million for the year.

The Child Sharon

The child who presented the bouquet to the Queen, described in Mrs. Wright's "Atlanticdote" "Our Compassionate Prince", is now a young lady of 19, Miss Sharon Green of King's College. She is taking courses in Arts and Journalism under an I.O.D.E. scholarship,

Sharon Green

after a successful High School career, where she won a prize in biology and graduated with firsts in six subjects.

She never knew her father. As a Canadian soldier serving overseas, he was killed in an air raid outside London in 1941. Her mother is a clerk in the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission.

* * *

Pilots and Politics

W. J. O'Brien's invention of the Decca Navigator was described by G. J. (Gerry) Gillespie in *The Atlantic Advocate* of December 1957. It was, in a way, like Newton's sudden perception of the theory of the earth's gravity from the sight of an apple falling. Mr. O'Brien saw something that he had seen often enough before: the circular patterns of ripples extending over the water when a couple of stones are dropped into a pond. He noticed, as we have all noticed, that when the two patterns overlap, another pattern appears superimposed upon them.

* * *

He realized that wireless waves from the different points would do exactly the same thing, creating a standing pattern which ships, aircraft or land vehicles could pick up automatically enabling them to locate themselves exactly.

* * *

The Decca chain of Navigator Stations has now been approved by the Department of Transport. The use of receiving equipment by ships is not compulsory, but they are being voluntarily fitted in steadily increasing numbers. A new era of safety for draggers and freighters will result.

* * *

Unhappily the system has not been adopted for world use. The recommendation of 30,000 Amer-

C. A. Patterson

ican pilots to adopt it was defeated by American politics. The system is up for reconsideration by the Technical Committee of Aeronautics operating within the framework of the International Conference of Aeronautical Operators.

* * *

"P. R. Man of the Year"

Mr. C. A. Patterson won the "Public Relations Man of the Year" award for his handling of the Springhill Coal Mine Disaster last October, as Dosco's Director of Public Relations. Through his smooth and efficient handling of information the press, radio and television were able to maintain a minute to minute coverage of the dramatic search for survivors. This was done under extremely difficult conditions over a period just short of three weeks during which the work continued ceaselessly.

Arnie Patterson's award was widely approved by pressmen. He could equally well have earned it for his masterly exposition of how to handle the public relations of a great corporation when news is bad, with prospects grave and grim. It is easy to direct P.R. when times are good. The testing time is when they are bad.

* * *

When steel was bad, coal worse and stockpiles raised their dismal peaks skyward, at the time that the decision to scrap the Arrow had dealt their parent company, A. V. Roe, a smashing blow, "Arnie" Patterson went to Sydney. His text might have been: "Tell the truth and shame the devil."

"Believe me," he said, "I don't think I could have picked a more inopportune time. And yet, despite all the mounting criticism against Dosco at this moment, I personally think this is probably the best time for us in Dosco to tell our story." And he went on to tell it, without any attempt to conceal the facts.

He presented a fairly detailed picture of the problems confronting the company and the workers. And he presented another picture, too: the picture of the new force that had come to Dosco management in the person of Mr. A. L. Fairley, Jr. He described the plans for the future.

* * *

Mr. Patterson believes that best Public Relations come from telling the truth. As the position of Dosco gradually improves it becomes evident, as we have always said, that the remedy can only be in adjustment of subsidies. The vital lesson to be learned is that protective tariffs imposed for the benefit of all branches of Canadian industry are nothing more than subsidies paid by consumers in higher prices for the protected commodities, and that the coal industry is entitled to the same treatment for the benefit of owners and workers alike.

* * *

Newfoundland Editor

Michael Francis Harrington, whose articles on Newfoundland frequently appear in *The Atlantic Advocate* (see page 39), is the new editor of *The Evening Telegram* in St. John's. Mr. Harrington is a prolific writer, a keen student of Newfoundland history and author of the book *Sea Stories from Newfoundland.*

* * *

Airport Manager

Earl A. King of Sydney has been appointed manager for the new Halifax International Airport. Mr. King had been airport manager in Sydney since 1947. He started flying in 1936 and served with the R.C.A.F. for six years. The Halifax International Airport is expected to be ready for use late this fall or early next year.

Motion Picture

A charming, blonde colleen, who does the Morse's tea commercials on the Don Messer television show, had the doubtful honour late last month of making up 120 boys of the choir of Sacré Coeur University in Bathurst for a colour motion picture film. The film is being produced by Eastern Films of Halifax. The choir has been chosen to go to Wales to participate in the Eisteddford. When not engaged in theatrical activities, Nuala FitzGerald is the wife of Lieutenant Michael FitzGerald, of the R.C.N., a fellow Dubliner.

* * *

Heads Chemists

At the annual conference of the Chemical Institute of Canada held in Halifax late last month, Dr. E. Gordon Young, director of the Atlantic Regional Laboratory of the National Research Council in Halifax, was elected president of the institute. Dr. Young is a native of Quebec City and a graduate of McGill, Cambridge and Acadia Universities, and has conducted research work at the University of Chicago, Lister Institute in London and Institut Pasteur in Paris. Wilfred N. Hall, president of Dominion Tar and Chemical Company Limited, of Montreal, was elected vice-president.

* * *

Montreal Trade Fair

A display in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the flight of the *Silver Dart* at Baddeck by the Hon. J. A. D. McCurdy will be the feature attraction at the International Trade Fair at the Show Mart from June 5 to 13. There will be a special booth featuring *The Atlantic Advocate's* biography of Mr. McCurdy by H. Gordon Green entitled *The Silver Dart*, and Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Green will be available at the fair on June 8 at 3 p.m. to autograph copies of the book.

* * *

Furniture

The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council has published a sixty-four-page report on furniture manufacturing in the region. This report was written by A. C. Parks, staff economist, and deals with the characteristics and organization of the furniture manufacturing industry in Canada, the regional market for household furniture, and expansion prospects in the area.

* * *

Mr. Parks observes that low-cost furniture produced in the area should be able to compete in this market, because transportation of similar products imported from other areas represents the large proportion of the total costs. He also notes that new plants should be designed to manufacture products valued at least $200,000 per year in order to attain effective operating efficiency.

* * *

Dogs and Rabies

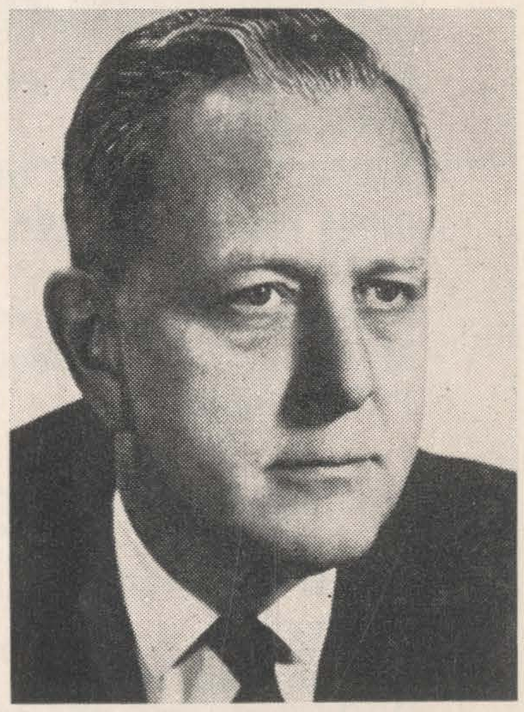
The letters we have received about Mr. R. A. Tweedie's article on his dog "Kim" suggest that people are more interested in dogs than people.

Travellers who are planning to take their dogs into the United States this summer should first check up on the U.S. Public Health Service regulations. Dogs over three months old must have been inoculated against rabies before entering the U.S. We have heard of one case of wailing and lamentation over a four-legged friend which had to be jettisoned at the barrier.

R. L. Weldon, O.B.E.

Bathurst President

R. L. Weldon, who has retired as president of Bathurst Power and Paper Company Limited, after twenty-three years' service in that capacity, has been elected to the newly created office of chairman of the board. R. A. Irwin, who joined the company in 1957 as vice-president, has been elected as president. He was elected to the board of directors in 1958 and has been active in the paper industry for many years. He was president of Eddy Paper Company Limited and Somerville Limited prior to his association with Bathurst Power and Paper.



R. A. Irwin

Aid for Power

Readers of the Brinco article (A Potential Atlantic Giant, *The Atlantic Advocate,* April, 1959) will have been glad that Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that the Federal Government will contribute $9 million for a transmission line from Bay d'Espoir, Newfoundland. Brinco is planning to develop a 350,000 horsepower project there.

MARITIME INVESTMENTS

A Review

by MAXIMUS

With both the stock and bond markets at all-time highs, the former with regard to price and the latter with regard to yield or return, the investor today has many problems to consider before putting funds to work in either media.

The Canadian economy began to emerge from the recent "recession" in the third and fourth quarters of 1958. For most companies the last three months in 1958 were the best for the year, and the tempo of business carried through into the first quarter of the current year. The stock market anticipated the recovery by its usual six to nine months margin and started to climb to its present "all time high" position early in 1958. Most economists tell us that we are well into the recovery phase and some are beginning to hint at the possibility of a set-back in stock prices within the next six to nine months.

More optimistic scribes point to the rapid rate of population growth, refer to the continuing inflation and the ever-growing prominence of mutual fund and institutional type of stock buying; and predict higher levels in the equity market.

We tend to side with the "bears" regarding the short to medium term outlook. Investors should probably stay in a relatively liquid position, and confine stock purchases to those industries whose operations may be described as essential, and to the companies within those industries whose stocks are selling on a reasonable (10 to 15) price-earnings basis.

Stocks now held whose action has been volatile in the past should be gradually eliminated, with funds so realized being held in a liquid form.

Although the budget did not make reference to the stock market as such, and many observers were of the opinion that the twenty per cent tax credit would be reduced, it did draw attention to the yields currently available on Government of Canada bonds. Both short and medium term bonds may be purchased to yield five per cent or better and those of the longer maturities to yield close to five per cent. The bond market has been weakening gradually since September of last year. Some strength was seen in late March and early April, but this has since disappeared and prices have slipped lower again. As an indication of how bond

prices have fluctuated within the last year we note that the Ninth Victory Loan (3 September, 1966) issue in May of 1958 was quoted 97.25; in July, 100.25; in November, 91.50; in March, 89.50 and is now at approximately 88 per cent.

As Government of Canada bond prices fluctuate so do those of lesser governing bodies (i.e. provincial and municipal) and, as well, those of industrial and utility companies.

The sophisticated investor, at the present time, who desires to keep liquid, may place funds in short-term Canada bonds at five per cent; short-term provincial or municipal bonds at 5¼ to 5½ per cent, or in short-term corporation bonds or notes at yields of up to 5½ per cent. The investor not concerned with inflation may buy longer-termed securities with correspondingly higher rates. Long-term Nova Scotia and New Brunswick debentures may be purchased currently to yield 5 to 5¼ per cent. Recent offering of twenty-year utility and corporation bonds and debentures have been priced to yield up to 6 per cent. Some of the longer-term, lower coupon issues, are selling at very attractive discounts and should be considered by those investors in the higher income tax brackets.

Examples are: Ontario 3 per cent (Oct. 15, 1977) $79; Nova Scotia 3¼ per cent (Nov. 15, 1970) $83; New Brunswick 3½ per cent (April 1, 1976) $83.

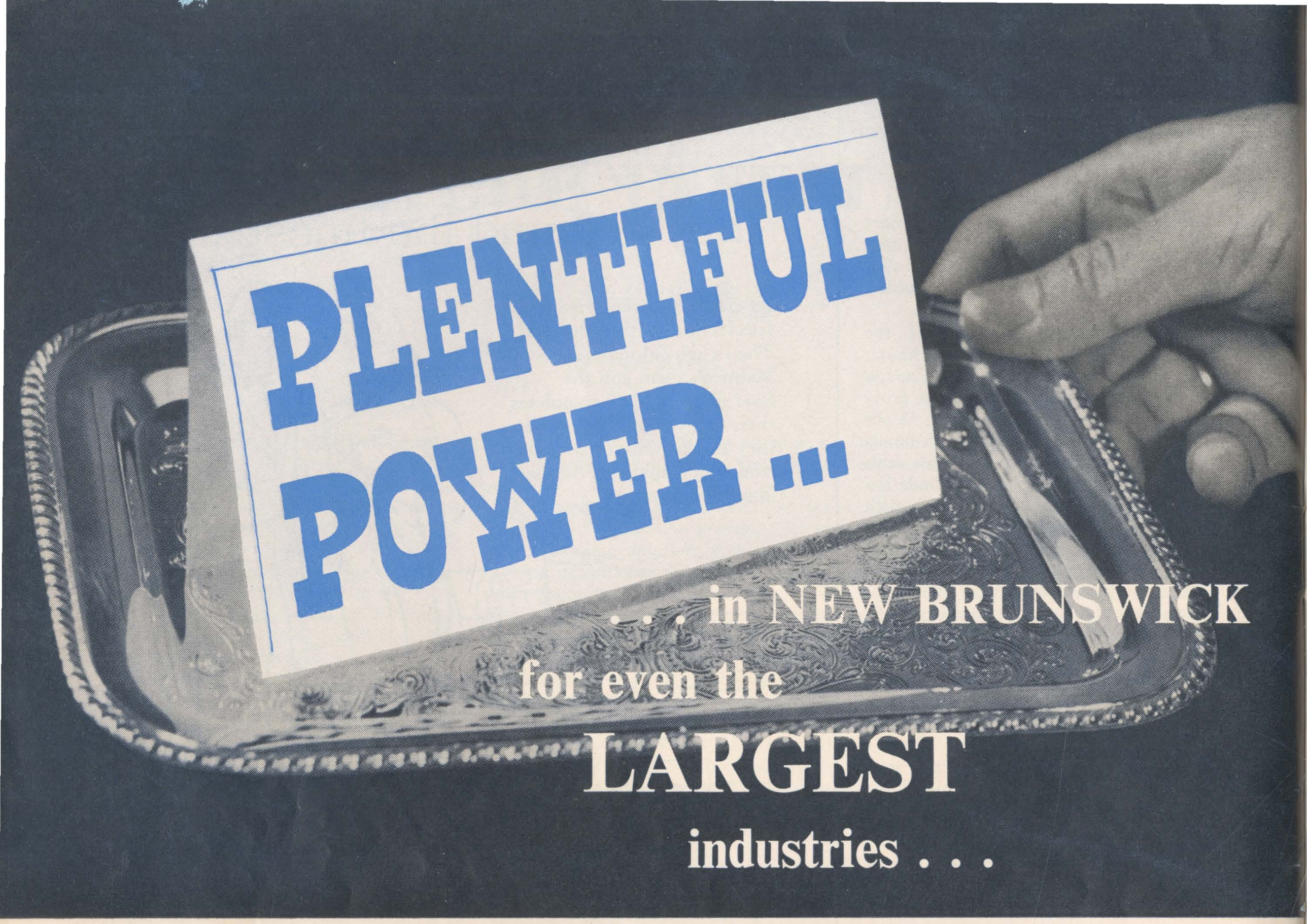
Maritime Stock Notes

The sustained demand for Maritime stocks has caused an upward movement in price in several instances. New Brunswick Telephone, currently $12.25 to $13, is ahead 25 cents. Nova Scotia Light and Power common, with a good year reported for 1958 and continued expansion in 1959, moved ahead to $15 bid recently, up fifty cents. Halifax Insurance Company stock has enjoyed a steady demand over the last few months and is currently $19.50 bid. Maritime Telegraph and Telephone, in anticipation of the "rights" issue, increased 25 cents to $17.50 to $18.25.

The Newfoundland utility issues have also been strong. Avalon Telephone Common stock at $8.25 bid is up 25 cents, although one or two of the preferred issues have been lower in anticipation of additional financing. United Towns Electric common at $14.50 bid is ahead 25 cents, in quiet trading.

The trust and loan company stocks have been extremely scarce and their prices have improved accordingly. Eastern Canada stock at $22 bid is up a dollar. Nova Scotia Trust common, also improved, is currently $21 bid. The Eastern Trust Company common, at $26 bid, is up a dollar.

Sobeys Stores Limited Class A shares, after an initial advance to $20, are currently $17.50 to $18.50.



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for even the LARGEST industries . . .

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All this plus the advantage of good living is now available for you in New Brunswick.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION

Fredericton, N.B.

P. B.

Eight of the crew and passengers of the Neptune II leaving for Newfoundland aboard the "Nova Scotia", Liverpool, Jan. 30, 1930

THE PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE NEPTUNE II

by ROY E. HOWARD

THE "NEPTUNE II" had been lost for two weeks when the 26,000-ton liner *Cedric* hove into view on December 13. In that time ruthless, westerly winds of hurricane force had driven her 720 miles from the shores of Newfoundland. For three and a half days previously the eleven souls aboard, ten men and one woman, had been confined in the thirteen-by-eight-foot forecastle cabin by mountainous seas which washed over the 110-foot-long schooner almost continuously.

On December 12 the schooner's motorboat had been smashed by the angry waves, and the eighteen-foot dory was the only life-saving gear left aboard the *Neptune II*. Her water supply had been dangerously low since the first storm hit two weeks previously, when salt water had penetrated the containers of most of the fresh. The woman passenger had been desperately ill from sea-sickness since the day they had sailed from St. John's.

Presently the 126-ton schooner and the mighty steamship hove to about half a mile from each other. Capt. Job Barbour, master of the *Neptune II*, and two of his crew pulled the dory across the churning sea until they were in danger of being smashed against the steel sides of the heaving liner. And what did they ask for? Their position! They wanted to know just where in the stormy Atlantic they were and what course they should steer to get home. The thought of abandoning the puny sailing vessel for the safety and comfort of the *Cedric* never entered the minds of these stubborn Newfoundland sea-

men, because of their heritage, which led them to believe that their seamen's prayer, "It will be better tomorrow, please God", would be answered. One thing was for sure—it couldn't get much worse.

Capt. Barbour and his crewmen were also hoping that they could take some water aboard the dory for use on the voyage home, but the seas proved too choppy for the little vessel to nestle close enough to the dipping, steel-riveted sides of the steamship so, after finding out that they were some 720 miles southeast of their home port of Newtown on Newfoundland's eastern coast, they thanked the bridge officers of the *Cedric* and made their way back to the *Neptune II*. At 4:45 p.m. they steered N.N.W. for home and in nine hours had closed the gap by 27 miles.

It was turning out to be a long voyage home for the *Neptune II*. Records of the St. John's, Newfoundland, harbour-master show that the 126-ton, three-masted schooner, with a crew of six and five passengers, and a hold full of provisions, sailed for Newtown late in the afternoon of November 29, 1929. Nine other northern freighting schooners left for the "outports" at the same time. By the time of the December 13th meeting with the *Cedric* in mid-Atlantic only the *Neptune II* and the *Lloyd Jack* were not accounted for, and the *Lloyd Jack* was to make harbour six days later. Two of the vessels had been able to return to St. John's and the other six had been lost.

Perhaps if they had known the odds against them, those aboard the *Neptune II* would have settled for a safe ride aboard the *Cedric*, but they had no radio—the usual case rather than the exception only a quarter of a century ago.

Superstitionists might say the saga of the *Neptune II* began when she originally left Newtown for St. John's, for she carried with her on that 100-mile southerly voyage a proven "jinker"—Newfoundlandese for a Jonah—among her crew, and a woman as a passenger. The "jinker" jumped ship prior to leaving St. John's, though, and the woman proved an inspiration rather than an evil omen during the ordeal.

There were ten heroes in the history of the voyage—and two heroines. One of the latter was, of course, the sturdy Danish-built schooner. The *Neptune II* had all of the stuff that goes into the making of a heroine—she was hardy, proud and unflinching. Mrs. Humphries, wife of Bosun Peter Humphries, the one woman passenger on board, was the other.

The men involved included the lean, dark-complected skipper, Job Barbour, a man wise beyond his 30-odd years, who could read Newfie's coastal waters like the palm of his hand. He was part-owner of the vessel. Others included the mate, Percy Barbour, cousin of the captain; one-eyed John Norman, the cook; Harold Keats; Baxter Barbour and Peter Humphries, all crew members; and William Norris, George Bungay, Ephraim Blackmore and Edward Gill, passengers—but passengers with just as much "sea time" as the crew. All came from Newtown, and all were looking forward to being home the next day, when they set sail from St. John's that November afternoon.

The *Neptune II* threaded her way through the famed Narrows of St. John's harbour and pointed her nose in a northerly direction. Two hours and six miles out of harbour those aboard got the first indications of what was to befall them during the next two weeks. The breeze freshened and snow "dwighs", or flurries, swept past. Taking advantage of the favourable wind, Capt. Barbour ordered all sail hoisted, and the *Neptune II* flew northward like a frightened tern.

The wind had stiffened by nine o'clock that night and order was given to lower some sail. Even with the sail lowered the schooner was making a good seven knots. Course was set N.E. by E. to clear Baccalieu, an island off Cape St. Francis, 36 miles north of St. John's. By that time the flurries had become continuous, and the cold was increasing.

At dawning on the Saturday morning a gale was blowing. Beyond Trinity Bay and in the latitude of Cape Bonavista, some seventy miles north of

CAPTURED

I know not where my newer destiny
Would lead me: filled with fear I stumble, blind
Within the lonesome labyrinth of my mind . . .
Daring not to speak my thoughts, I see
No light—but hurt, confusion, misery.
For I would have me free, but he would bind
My life and heart and thoughts to his, and wind
Around himself my soul's entirety.

MARY LORD BERNARD

St. John's, the doughty schooner was within thirty miles of her home port and bound to make a record passage home when the wind chopped around with vicious suddenness from south to west. Soon the wind had reached hurricane force and the sea was rolling steadily over the gunwales of the schooner. Salt water found its way into the cask of fresh drinking water at this very first onslaught. Every man aboard the *Neptune II* was brought on deck to help lower sail. Finally, with only the spanker set, the schooner was forced to run before the wind for safety—forced to run on a northeast course away from home.

As if the wind and the sea weren't enough, a new hazard presented itself that morning. The temperature dropped to well below freezing and ice started forming on the decks and rigging. All hands except those at the wheel busied themselves shovelling and scooping snow off the decks or rubbing kerosene on the lines to keep them supple. By this time everybody aboard was acting as a member of the crew—all except Mrs. Humphries, who was already confined to a bunk in the forecastle suffering from acute sea-sickness.

Despite the best efforts of the men on board, ice continued to form on the deck of the *Neptune II* and slowly but surely she began to settle deeper and deeper in the water. The only way to keep her from being swamped by the turbulent sea was to keep up enough sail to give her headway. Doing this was a calculated risk and by four o'clock that Saturday afternoon it began to look like a bad gamble, for the hurricane force winds broke the spanker boom and sail in two pieces. Quick thinking saved the mast for another day. Capt. Barbour, acting somewhat like a cowboy, roped the boom and towed it alongside for the rest of the night . . . a night that saw steersmen lashed to the wheel for a one-hour stretch each all through the dark hours.

There was no time for a church service on Sunday, December 1, but every man on board muttered prayers as they combined to spite the elements and haul aboard the trailing mast which had been threatening to stave in the hull all night. Sliding on the icy deck at the whim of the waves and lacking firm hand or footholds to provide an anchor against the tearing, drenching seas that broke over the gunwale, these Newfoundland sailors, both passengers and crew, worked with the alacrity and ability of a well-disciplined naval team.

Calculations from the log showed that they had overshot Newtown by 120 miles by early Sunday morning. With the jib up and running before the storm, they added another 110 miles to the total before nightfall.

"Neptune II" at Job's Wharf, St. John's, Newfoundland, decorated with flags for the Governor's visit.

With every wave that crashed aboard, the *Neptune II* resembled more and more a silvery, icy tomb for her human cargo. All that had kept her afloat was the fact that being Danish-built and designed for cold climes, she stood a little higher out of the water and had a trifle more freeboard than the average schooner of her size.

Each day seemed to bring with it new hazards for the tiny vessel. On December 2 the gaff topsails blew loose. They had to be recovered before the venomous winds blew them to shreds, but Capt. Barbour was loath to ask anyone to risk his life atop the spars of the wildly tossing schooner. Even if he were to do it himself he would still need one volunteer, though. First to step forward was one of the passengers, George Bungay, who spat on his hands and told the skipper, "Go ahead, Captain, I'll follow you." While Peter Humphries used the experience of years to handle the wheel in such a way that the ship would be kept on as even a keel as possible, the Captain and the paying passenger risked their lives in the top rigging, battling the flailing canvas until they had it under control. They scrambled back to the deck, beaten and benumbed.

After a slight spell of warmth in the forecastle cabin, both men resumed the battle against the elements and the sails, calling upon every ounce of what must have been superhuman strength as they tied down the main gaff topsail. During the day the *Neptune II* logged eighty miles on a E. by S. course.

The gallant schooner weathered the following two days of hurricane force winds although things took a bad turn on the afternoon of December 4. Capable Peter Humphries was lashed to the wheel when a huge sea surged aboard and twisted the wheelhouse off its foundations, pinning the helmsman between a semi-upright bulkhead and what was left of the wheel. A crowbar was needed to extricate Humphries and he was unconscious when finally brought to the forecastle. Ephraim Blackmore, one of the passengers turned crewman, wrenched his back while helping with the ticklish job of clearing the debris and salvaging 300 pounds of gunpowder being carried in the wheelhouse that had been scattered by the violent sea. As he was being helped to the forecastle, which was now beginning to resemble an infirmary, a second sea washed over the gunwales. When the foam subsided, the wheelhouse and the steering gear had been washed away.

The sea was beginning to run even higher, as if maddened by the stubborn little ship that wouldn't give up, and a temporary steering rig of two tackles, one on each side and each requiring two men to control it, had to be installed immediately to keep the *Neptune II* from turning broadside and being swamped. Four men steered while the others stowed away the remaining gunpowder in barrels.

One of the turning points on the voyage of the *Neptune II* was reached that night when yet another misfortune befell the ship. Her compass light was washed out. Mate Percy Barbour called on all his "Newfie" ingenuity to build right then and there another binnacle, complete with an alcove for a light. Seeing this done away out in the middle of nowhere seemed to hearten the crew and they all pitched in to repair the broken wheel so that steering could be done by one man instead of four. Just about then the *Neptune II* entered the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream and the ice that had clothed the ship in a sepulchral shroud

disappeared in minutes. Every able body pitched in to make things ship-shape and one passenger, William Norris was, fortunately, a sailmaker, who started that day on a marathon one-man sewing bee that was to last as long as the voyage.

The day after meeting the *Cedric*, the *Neptune II*, running in relatively calm seas for home, passed through a heavy rain shower. Water caught in cans and cups was used by Cook John Norman to make a regular pea soup "scoff" with split peas and salt pork. This was the first hot meal for those aboard since leaving St. John's, for prior to that they had been on a strict water-conserving ration of half a cup of tea and two biscuits in the forenoon and another half cup and some canned fruit or other provisions such as powdered milk at 11 p.m.

By December 16 the dogged *Neptune II* had put 160 miles between her and her meeting place with the *Cedric*—160 miles closer to home. The next day was dead calm—the proverbial calm before the storm. The wind came up slowly and gave the *Neptune II* enough impetus to cut another 100 miles off the distance home before it became so strong that all sail had to be taken in. By midnight on the 18th of December the wind registered gale force and was moaning in the rigging like a funeral dirge.

If the meeting with the *Cedric* had been disappointing, the events of the next day were a real crusher. In the height of the raging storm they sighted the smoke of a steamer, which duly altered course and came up on the windward side of them. The wind and the waves again made it impossible for the *Neptune II* to get close to the steamer, and this time it was impossible to launch the smaller boat. It was after they rode alongside the steamer *Beaverburn*, out of London, for a few moments that the awful truth dawned. The only Morse code signal anyone aboard the *Neptune II* knew was the general distress "S.O.S." They could not make head nor tail of the intricate Morse flashes coming from the bridge of the big freighter. As no communication could be made, the *Beaverburn* resumed her voyage and as the freighter disappeared over the horizon, the men aboard the *Neptune II* busied themselves with a paint brush and boards to make a big sign reading:

NO NAVIGATION
NO WATER
GIVE US COURSE TO CAPE SPEAR

As coastal sailors there may have been none better than these Newfoundlanders, but here in the mid-Atlantic they could only guess as to where they were and which way to head.

Christmas Eve found the little ship still hove to, her wheel lashed to the windward, as she had been since the longest night of the year, when a vicious storm had set in. To celebrate as much as possible, the inmates of the forecastle cabin chanced a fire and boiled a kettle for the first time since the storm had started. From the provisions on board they were able to make up a supper of bologna, onion, bread and tea. Shortly after the meal, George Bungay was thrown out of his bunk and quite badly hurt.

Bologna again for breakfast, and raisins for lunch substituted for turkey on Christmas Day, but in the afternoon they received a present from Mother Nature in the form of an

Captain Job Barbour

abatement of the wind. Nature proved to be an Indian giver though, for after the tiny schooner had turned her nose toward home once more and reeled off thirty-five miles, the wind rose to the point that it was as strong as any of the experienced seamen on board had ever seen.

Readily available provisions ran out on Boxing Day, and a hole had to be cut from the forecastle cabin into the forward hold through the bulkhead. All the hole did was let the odour of rotting food out into the cabin, where the stench was already becoming more than noticeable; for without light it was impossible to get food from the cargo and whoever was foraging through the hole risked being crushed or imprisoned by shifting cargo. Matches could not be used as there was oil in the hold. The next day all able hands were on deck to remove the hatch cover and they were able to do so, scrounge enough food and coal to last two weeks, and get it back on again between taking heavy seas over the gunwale.

One full month out of St. John's and the *Neptune II* was still steering doggedly for home. The water supply was down to thirty gallons for eleven people, the dory had been smashed during the last storm, leaving no way of escape if the sea ever won the battle with the *Neptune II*, and the only safe quarters, the forecastle cabin, were thoroughly dampened from waves which had sloshed down the companionway as if seeking victims who should have been washed off the deck. The sails and lines were shredded almost to bits by the wind. It took this long for those aboard the *Neptune II* to come to the conclusion that it was a stalemate. Neither would give in and it was a cinch that the doughty schooner couldn't stay at sea indefinitely. Capt. Barbour decided to square away for the British Isles.

He reckoned that an E.N.E. course would give him a landfall at the Scilly Isles, which was where he was aiming, for the only chart of the European coastline aboard the schooner was an antiquated English Channel job. In anticipation they made note of the lighthouses and their flashes at the approaches to the Channel. First the Scilly Isles, with one flash every twenty seconds, then Eddystone, with a double flash every half minute. The log was set and, though they were making only half normal speed due to barnacles and seaweed accumulated on the hull, they put themselves 100 miles closer to their new goal. Against the prevailing winds they would have made perhaps twenty-five miles toward home.

The New Year of 1930 arrived with even less ceremony than Christmas, for once again a gale was blowing. However, this time it was blowing them closer to their projected landfall. Day after day, with never a fair one, just some less foul than others, the weather-beaten crew edged the *Neptune II* closer to Europe, yet there never seemed to be an end to the sea. Mrs. Humphries was very ill now, having been confined to a waterlogged bunk for over a month. Everything in the tiny forecastle cabin was depressing—enforced uncleanliness, gas from damp coal, odours from rotting food; all made the crew more and more heartsick. Every storm sent waters seeping down the companionway to dampen this place of refuge.

The only amusements in the tiny forecastle during these storm-tossed days were telling of dreams and now and again singing and dancing to the best of their ability in the overcrowded cabin. As they watched longingly for a sign of something other than sea and sky, they chattered aimlessly; so aimlessly that serious discussions came up over the fact that all the land might have gone under water in a gigantic

earthquake. As there had been an earthquake in Newfoundland the previous November, the imprisoned sailors could hardly be blamed for letting their minds run in such a direction.

The *Neptune II* had been thirty-nine days at sea when the first cry of "Land on the broadside" came from Peter Humphries, electrifying the others on board. It was a great disappointment when the land proved to be only dark cloud on the horizon, but somehow it spurred them on. A sounding recorded no bottom, so, in fear of missing the British Isles and heading into the North Sea, they decided to add only another 150 miles to the 800 they had made on the E.N.E. course.

On the 10th of January the Newfoundland Minister of Marine and Fisheries had broadcast an appeal to all ships in the North and South Atlantic to keep a lookout for the missing schooner. On behalf of the government he offered a reward of $1,000 to any navigator who would go aboard the ship and pilot her to port. As this announcement was being made, Job Barbour was shouting the harshest orders of the entire voyage as he directed his crew in a last-ditch fight to save the schooner, which had been caught in the most sudden and most dangerous storm yet encountered.

The evening of January 14 was about the finest enjoyed on the long voyage of the *Neptune II*. People stayed topside as darkness fell, rather than repair to the dingy forecastle. They even decided to wrest open the hatch-cover again and get themselves some food. They were just settling down to another evening's run, the last on the E.N.E. course before they turned more southerly in search of land, when Harold Keats broke what had developed into an ethereal stillness with "Light ahead".

The skipper and George Bungay scrambled to the masthead. "I can form land!" shouted Bungay. Sure enough, the light stood dead ahead on a high summit. "It's islands—the Scilly Isles!" the skipper replied. A quick check showed it was one flash every twenty seconds—same as the chart. For the first time in more than six weeks, Capt. Barbour lost his restraint. "No navigator could do a better job than this," he chanted, repeating it over and over. True enough, for he was a coastal sailor only, with no "navigation", who had arbitrarily chosen a course from an unknown spot in mid-Atlantic, and lo and behold, hit the once-every-twenty-seconds light he was looking for. Job Barbour had reason to chant with glee—at least for a little while.

The hilarity of the crew and Capt. Barbour was soon followed by confusion. The promises of eat and drink at Plymouth went by the boards when a second light was sighted that did not conform with the English Channel chart aboard. A third light, which flashed the right signal but lay in the wrong direction, only added to the turmoil. The flashes of this third light corresponded with Eddystone, so they edged as close as they dared to it, and awaited the dawning which would tell them if the navigation was right.

An aura of excitement enveloped the *Neptune II* as the sky lightened in the east, but it was soon dispelled when it was discovered that the light was not Eddystone after all. The *Neptune II* had sailed into an area of islands—mountainous islands with snowy tops.

Daylight also revealed that they must be close to civilization, for only a short way from them and coming toward them was a steamer. The steamer passed right by, though, crowding disappointment on top of happiness once again. Capt. Barbour thought of the ancient musket they had stored in the forecastle of the schooner and dispatched George Bungay to fetch it. Using gunpowder salvaged from the weather-beaten wheelhouse they were able to fashion a series of tremendous booms that caused the steamer to turn in its tracks and return to the schooner. To forestall a *Beaverburn* episode, the signs were hoisted for the officers of the unknown steamer to read, but the "Give us course to Cape Spear" phrase evidently put them off, for they pulled away rapidly from the beleaguered and battered schooner.

Glum as they felt, they now had a chance to outlast the dwindling water supply—it was a scant thirteen gallons—and they did feel that they could bring the ship in safely. Two islands to the north apparently high and able to afford good anchorage became their next goal. Those who were not engaged in making the ship do a steady four knots on her new course spent the day trying to repair the smashed lifeboats, for, as is the case with many seamen, no one on board could swim and an accident within twenty yards of shore could spell disaster now.

Late that afternoon the *Neptune's* crew sighted houses—real honest-to-goodness houses. Capt. Barbour was the first to spot the Marconi poles—three of them. Tonight those at home in Newfoundland would be told that the *Neptune* had made it! Excitement ran high aboard the little schooner for the third time that day. Not only was rescue and a safe berth for the *Neptune II* awaiting them at the little wharf they could now discern, but they would be able to answer the question that had plagued them since the meeting with the *Cedric*. For the first time since

December 13 they would know where they were. "What land is it?" and "What language?" were also leading questions.

Here fate stepped in again. And fate seemed determined to rule against the *Neptune II* that day. A small boat was pulling away from the government-type wharf and coming toward them. Three men were coming to pilot them to safety when a violent rain and wind-storm suddenly engulfed them. It was dark when the weather cleared and the log showed that the schooner had been swept fifteen miles away from the harbour by turbulent tides and strong breezes.

Throughout the long night they tried to keep the ship in the lee of the islands so that the freshening breeze would not drive the vessel to sea again. Cruising unknown waters, with tide and wind striving to tear the ship from the helmsman's control proved to be a most harrowing experience. It was all the hard-pressed crew could do to keep the *Neptune II* from being dashed against an unknown shore or having her bottom ripped out by hidden rocks without trying to stay in the vicinity of the harbour they had spied in the afternoon. Came the dawn, they soon found that they were lost again. They wrestled the schooner through tidal rips and against brisk winds to what seemed to be the comparative safety of a small sandy cove in the lee of a lighthouse. As the *Neptune II* nosed into the cove the lighthouse keeper ran down to the rocky shore of the point and waved.

Soon they let go the anchor, and the storm-tossed schooner experienced her first rest in forty-eight days. "It's the sweetest music I've heard since leaving St. John's", exclaimed Mrs. Humphries, who seemed to be rallying now that rescue seemed close at hand.

The *Neptune II* was far enough off shore that they could not make any communication with the lighthouse keeper. He semaphored with hands and flags while George Bungay periodically fired the old blunderbuss in an effort to let him know that they wanted help. It was only later that it was learned that Scottish lighthouse keepers did not have boats, as required in Newfoundland, and therefore could not row out to see them. As it was, both lacked a boat.

During the frustrating day Mrs. Humphries was helped to the deck to see the sun for the first time since she had left St. John's on what was to be a twelve-hour trip. Her tongue and her fingernails had turned black from exposure and malnutrition, but she seemed to have more faith in living through the ordeal now that she could see solid land.

As the tide dropped it revealed that the *Neptune II* had come within an ace of smashing against a submerged rock as she had nosed into the cove. The ebb tide also showed that if the wind changed, the schooner would be dashed against the rocks. Feverish work was carried on in an effort to repair the badly smashed dory, but it was far from seaworthy as darkness neared. The old phrase "so near and yet so far" never carried so much meaning as it did that evening; within yards of safety after having been hundreds of miles away from nearest land, the *Neptune II* was in danger as grave as she had been at any time, for as near as safety was, the jagged rocks were even nearer.

All of those on board had fallen silent when—"Smoke—there's a steamer coming sure!" cried Peter Humphries. Moving steadily on the far side of the lighthouse was a thick plume of smoke. Finally the nose of the steamer edged around the spit of land and pandemonium broke loose. The lighthouse keeper was signalling frantically with the flag on his house, while women were waving the semaphore flags. George Bungay was making the ancient musket boom like a high-geared howitzer.

Only when it was apparent that they had attracted the attention of the steamer and that it was coming alongside did the commotion aboard the *Neptune II* cease. "It must be a navy ship, for they're all wearing navy clothes," was the only voice that could be heard from the motley-looking crew of the schooner. The "Red Duster" hanging from the stern of the steamer was reassuring, but still not a word was spoken until the captain of the steamer queried them with a megaphone. "What do you want?"

"Will you kindly tow us to the nearest port?" asked Capt. Barbour.

"Where are you from?"

"Newfoundland," came back the answer, as though it were an everyday occurrence.

"When did you anchor here?"

"Eight o'clock this morning."

"Heave away your anchor."

"Thank you, Captain."

The steamer lowered a boat and put a line aboard the schooner. She was the *Hesperus*, a northern lighthouse steamer. Second Officer Williamson and two seamen stayed aboard to secure the towline and make things shipshape while the schooner was being towed to the nearest port—Tobermory, which was eleven miles away on the Isle of Mull in northern Scotland. Williamson lost little time in telling Capt. Barbour that it must have been Providence which saved the schooner for the gale warnings were out for that night and the seven-knot tide experienced in those waters combined with wind would surely have finished the gallant little vessel and those aboard her.

The *Hesperus* towed the *Neptune II* into Tobermory and gave her headway so that she could anchor safely on the inner side of the *Florida*, a relic of the Spanish Armada that rested on the harbour bottom.

Those on the *Neptune II* had just sat down to a table, rigged in the forecastle cabin, for the first time in forty-eight days, when the master of the *Hesperus*, Capt. Budge, and the vessel's doctor came aboard. An examination of Mrs. Humphries showed that while she was a very sick woman, she would pull through all right.

"My officer tells me that you were not chartered to come across the Atlantic," said Capt. Budge, feeling for the full story from the gaunt, bearded skipper of the schooner.

"No, Captain," was the answer. "I have no navigation and neither have my men. None of us are deep sea men." Prodded, Capt. Barbour finally told the *Hesperus*' master the full story, from the time they left St. John's, about the continual storms, the meeting with the *Cedric*, how they had beaten 250 miles of the way back before storms drove them eastward once more, and how they had finally hit what they thought were the Scilly Isles. Left out were many of the grim details of fights to save the ship.

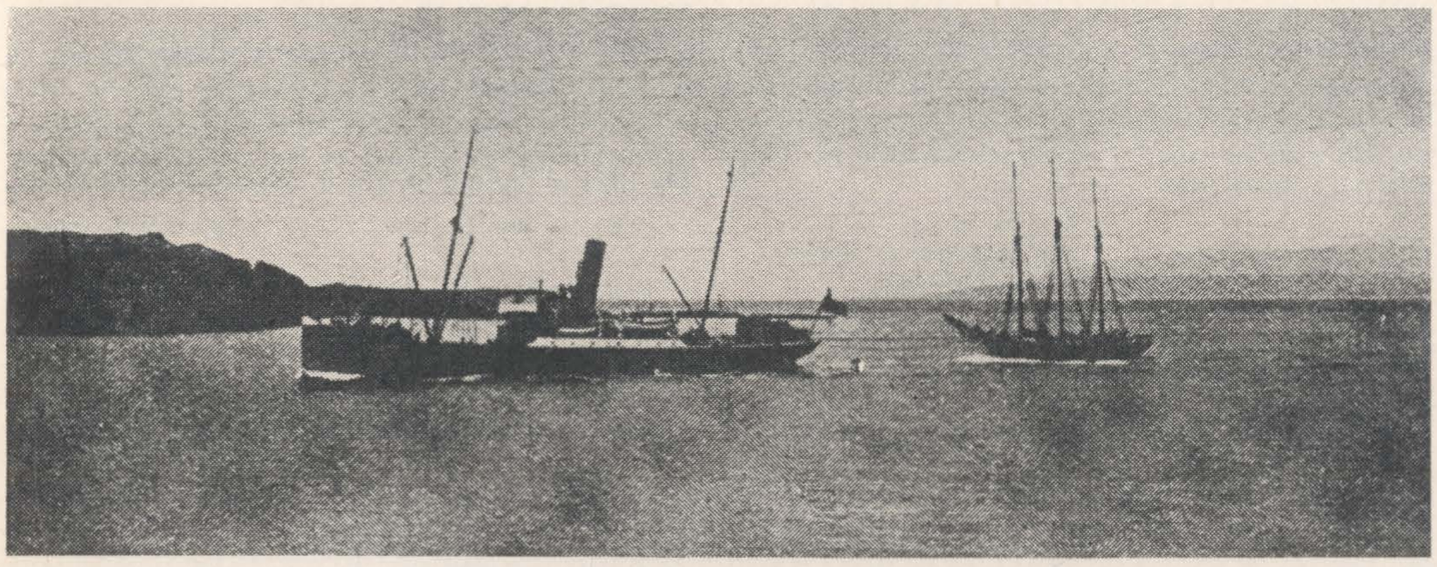
"That first light you saw was Skerryvore," explained Capt. Budge. "You made the most rugged coast in Scotland! What did you do after you saw the light?"

The story of the second light was told. This one was Dubh-Artach, not Eddystone, Capt. Barbour learned. The island they had headed for on the morning of the 15th of January was Tiree and the lighthouse where they had dropped anchor in the morning of the 16th was Ardnamurchan.

Something else came out in the conversation. The *Hesperus* happened by the anchorage of the *Neptune II* only by chance as she was on a mercy mission to the island of St. Kilda. When they saw the *Neptune II* anchored in the only anchorage in the area, even though it was far from safe, George Bungay's rapid fire had been what convinced those aboard the *Hesperus* that the schooner was in trouble.

Late that night, January 16, Job Barbour went ashore with the master of the *Hesperus* and sent a cable to his mother in Newtown. "Arrived safely Tobermory Scotland. All well. Job K. Barbour."

Within hours cables across the Atlantic had picked up the rhythm of



S.S. "Hesperus" towing "Neptune II" into Oban Bay

that first short message and were reverberating like jungle drums to tell the saga of the *Neptune II* to a now news-hungry public who had previously forgotten all about the unfortunate Newfoundlanders. Tobermory's news-gathering facilities were perhaps not the best, but the *New York Times* had managed to get most of the story for their January 18 edition. Their account went:

> "LONDON, Jan. 17—Blown across the wild Atlantic against their will, the crew of the three-masted British schooner *Neptune II*, of St. John's, Newfoundland, have navigated their storm-battered vessel into Tobermory Bay on the West Coast of Scotland.
>
> "One woman was among the five passengers who embarked at St. John's November 29th on a voyage of about 100 miles to Newtown, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland. Within 30 miles of their intended port, Capt. Job. K. Barker [note the discrepancy] was forced by contrary winds into the Atlantic and for 48 days gale after gale drove the little wooden vessel of 126 tons toward northern Europe. Mountainous waves swept over her, smashing her bulwarks and splintering her two lifeboats, which would have been the only means of escape had she foundered.
>
> "The emaciated features of the crew and passengers reflected their severe ordeal when the lighthouse steamer *Hesperus* found them anchored near Ardnamurchan lighthouse last night and towed them to Tobermory. Luckily the *Neptune* had ample provisions, but water was short and a system of rationing had been adopted.
>
> "Capt. Barker had only a crew of four—Percy Barber, mate; Peter Humphreys, who was injured, John N. H. Keats and Baxter Barber. The *Neptune* was built in 1920 in Denmark."

The St. John's, Newfoundland, *Daily News* handled the story in a different manner—almost as matter-of-factly as Job Barbour had told Capt. Budge that they hailed from Newfoundland during the height of rescue operations.

The lead of the *Daily News* story went:

> "Leaving St. John's on Nov. 29 last, in company with nine other northern craft, the schooner *Neptune*, Capt. Job Barbour, of Newtown, with 11 souls, one of them a woman, reached Tobermory, Scotland, last night, all well. Tobermory, made famous by one of Harry Lauder's songs, is in the southwestern part of the Inverness-shire at the entrance to the sound of Mull and just south of the Hebrides Islands."

Following this short geography lesson, the story went on to wonder if anyone would claim the government's $1,000 reward for navigating the vessel to a safe harbour.

The usual colour stories and the odd "sensational" article were all the general public ever heard of the *Neptune II* from that date on. For them the story was ended. But not for Job Barbour. The valiant skipper who had tasted the Atlantic's worst and still won out, had had his vessel towed to Oban, on the Scottish mainland, where repairs could be effected and a motor installed. While the work was being done Capt. Barbour confidently went to London to arrange for the insurance agents to pay for the re-fitting. Here, indeed, was an ironic twist. He learned that his vessel was insured for total loss only. Had he abandoned it in mid-Atlantic and saved himself and his passengers aboard the *Cedric* he would have made money on the deal. As it was, he lost.

Motor installed, and with a deep-sea captain aboard to do the necessary navigating, the *Neptune II* left for home early in April and arrived late that month. Job Barbour was not aboard for the three-week return trip. As far as can be learned he never sailed as skipper again in the *Neptune II*.

In 1935 the gallant *Neptune II* was sold to Forward and Tibbo, of Grand Bank, Newfoundland, by the Barbours, and the vessel which had stood up to the Atlantic for forty-eight long days developed a leak while bound for Portugal with a load of fish. She came to the ignominious end despite the fact that there was no particularly bad weather. It is officially recorded that she just began to leak more than usually, as is the case with many wooden vessels. Maybe she did not want to live any more under her new owners, who would not have half the respect for her that Job Barbour had.

The hand print on the rock

LETTERS (*Continued from page 13*)

Louis Payzant

Sir:

I was most pleasantly surprised last Christmas with a subscription to *The Atlantic Advocate* from my brother, H. W. Steeves of Moncton, and I have never enjoyed anything more. Every story, every poem, every article is so very interesting and written by people who really know the Maritimes.

I was born in Hillsboro, N.B., and graduated from Acadia in Wolfville, N.S.

Louis Payzant, who is an ancestor of my husband, Sheldon Jess, who was born in Scotts Bay, N.S., recently led us on a tireless quest to find his 203-year-old hand-print on a rock in Mahone Bay, and I enclose a photograph of our discovery.

(Mrs.) Lola (Steeves) Jess,
805 South Street,
Wrentham, Mass.

¶ Readers of H. Shirley Fowke's "White Woman's Saga" in the March 1957 issue of *The Atlantic Advocate* will be interested in this photograph of Louis Payzant's hand print.—Ed.

Sagas Of The Strait

Sir:

The story of the hazards encountered by iceboat crews as illustrated by Lorne C. Callbeck in "Sagas of the Strait" [*The Atlantic Advocate*, February, 1959] was most impressive, interesting and well narrated. Some of the iceboat crews mentioned are relatives, and I can remember the daily talk around the family home was in reference to such incidents and whether or not the mail had arrived.

"Sagas of the Strait" was deeply appreciated not only by myself but by friends to whom I post along your magazine. I look forward to further interesting articles pertaining to P.E.I.

C. B. Campbell,
Winnipeg, Man.

Sir:

This belated note is to express to you my thanks and great pleasure for the publication of the article, "Sagas of the Strait", which appears in the February, 1959, issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*.

I had the experience of "crossing at the Capes" three times, two of which were in the winter or spring of 1897. Unfortunately I kept no written record of my crossings, but remember clearly some of the minor incidents.

For years I have hoped that the history of transportation in the Maritimes would be written up and that the story of "crossing at the Capes" would not be lost. But I did nothing about it—except to hope—and I had never seen even a reference in song or story on the subject until I read the article in *The Atlantic Advocate*.

W. M. Scott,
188 Montrose Street,
River Heights,
Winnipeg 9, Man.

Stanfields On P.E.I.

Sir:

May I be permitted to point out an error in the Stanfield story by Maximus in the March issue.

The Stanfield business was first established at Tryon, P.E.I., in 1854. (See letter by Eleanor (Reid) Stevenson, page 11, issue of September, 1958.)

I offer such evidences as follows.

In the March 2 issue of *The Islander* in 1858, an item tells us that "Stanfield and Lord inform farmers that after this date their new mill at Tryon will be ready for dying, fulling and dressing cloth, and that H. J. Callbeck, Sydney Street, will receive cloth and forward it." An item in the May 22, 1862, issue of *Ross's Weekly* says that "Charles E. Stanfield, encouraged by the support in cloth dressing, has imported machinery for carding, spinning, and weaving."

Charles E. Stanfield, (Feb. 11, 1828—Dec. 22, 1900), married Lydia Dawson, (Nov. 22, 1837—May 7, 1909), on the 31st of December, 1857. Lydia was the daughter of Samuel Edward Dawson, (Dec. 28, 1791—Dec. 23, 1873), and Jane Lord, (Apr. 9, 1795—June 23, 1870), and granddaughter of Thomas Dawson, (Sept. 12, 1762—March 4, 1804). Thomas came to the Island from Ireland in June, 1804, and he is the great-great-great-grandfather of this writer. He has a remarkable story.

Charles and Lydia lived at Tryon for ten years after their wedding. An entry under date of December 31, 1867, in the diary of an old Tryon resident, G. Wheelock Cameron, says: "Mr. Charles E. Stanfield has moved his family all off to Charlottetown and Edwin Dawson has married Elichia Callbeck and took possession of the house."

The mill was operated by a succession of individuals, and was destroyed by fire during the First World War. At that time it was making cloth for the Army.

Lorne C. Callbeck,
Science Service Laboratory,
P. O. Box 1240,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

¶ Strictly speaking, Mr. Callbeck is right, but Maximus was referring only to the beginning of operations in Truro, without getting involved in the complexities of the years on the Island.—Ed.

Audubon Books

Sir:

May I contribute a detail to the answer in Messrs. Boone and Gammon's interesting account of the search for the circumstances of the acquiring of the set of Audubon's *Birds of America* by the Legislative Library, [*The Atlantic Advocate*, March, 1959] and its successful conclusion? It is that Judge Daniel Hanington, who was in New York at the time, acted for the New Brunswick authorities in buying the set. I remember this from the conversation of my uncle, George F. Hill. I do not remember now whether Mr. Hanington was the first to suggest the purchase after he had seen the set, or whether he was first asked by the New Brunswick authorities to act for them.

Judge Hanington would be Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Daniel Hanington of Dorchester. He was a member of the House of Assembly and of the Executive Council when the set was bought in 1852. He represented Westmorland County in the Assembly a number of times, led the Government in the early 1880's, and, after that, was in the Legislative Council for a few years, and then in the Assembly again. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the province for a few years beginning about 1892.

My uncle mentioned the amount paid and that this set was bound for Louis Philippe as if he were perfectly familiar with the facts, which would be likely, since he himself after 1865, and his father at the time the set was bought, were in the Legislature with Mr. Hanington, and would know him well.

I do not remember ever having heard the date of the purchase mentioned, and my recollection of the price has after fifty-odd years admitted alternatives.

If there are any members of Judge Hanington's family, they may be able to supply more details.

D. Upton Hill,
Wolfville, N.S.

The Jet d'Eau

Sir:

Joan Ganong's article on Geneva and its *jet d'eau* in the March issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*, gave me so much pleasure, but also brought me a wave of homesickness such as I have not felt in many a year. Her feeling for that lovely city is so genuine—it is almost unbelievable in a foreigner. As far back as I can remember (and I am an old woman), the *jet d'eau* has been part of the scenery. I went to high school there, but before that, where I was away at Nyon for some years, I still could see the *jet d'eau* from the farm on a clear day. Miss Ganong's article was a very welcome piece of reading for an exile, and quite unexpected in *The Atlantic Advocate*.

Mrs. F. Balmain,
R.R. 2,
Powell River, B.C.

How Cold Are The Maritimes?

Sir:

Most of us are familiar with the reaction of the average American when we say we are from Nova Scotia. He says "Pretty cold up there, isn't it?". I have never discovered where this myth of the extreme cold of Nova Scotia came from. Probably the maps must be blamed. Many are grossly erroneous with respect to eastern Canada.

The United States-Canadian border runs along the 49th parallel of latitude. The whole Gaspé peninsula is south of the 49th parallel. Halifax is south of the 45th parallel, which runs through southern France, northern Italy and the Black Sea. Yet in many maps the Maritimes are shown 300 to 500 miles north of their true position. The misplacement is due to curvature of the earth which causes distortion on a plane surface. To a great extent it can be corrected, and it is unnecessary error against which I protest.

The map displayed in the windows of restaurants of the Canadian Restaurant Association is the worst I have seen. The displacement must be over 500 miles to the north. However, there are others which must have an error of at least 300 miles. One is the map issued by the Imperial Oil Company; another is an elaborate wooden map in the airport of Moncton, New Brunswick, put there by the Federal Government; similar carelessness mars the otherwise superb tourist literature put out by our Nova Scotia Government.

This is surely a matter for the four governments to combine in requesting those who produce maps to withdraw the offending ones and to replace them with others showing the Maritimes in their proper latitudes.

E. O. Temple Piers,
B.Sc. in C.E., P.L.S., M.E.I.C.,
92 Birmingham Street,
Halifax, N.S.

The distinctive flavour of the Maritimes

Photo from Canadian Government Travel Bureau

To Prince Edward Island's Cavendish Beach come visitors from all parts of Canada and United States. They are greeted by an unforgettable vacation wonderland . . . miles and miles of sun-warmed sand and exceptionally warm salt water.

Among the memories they treasure, too, is the distinctive flavour of Moosehead Ale and Alpine Lager.

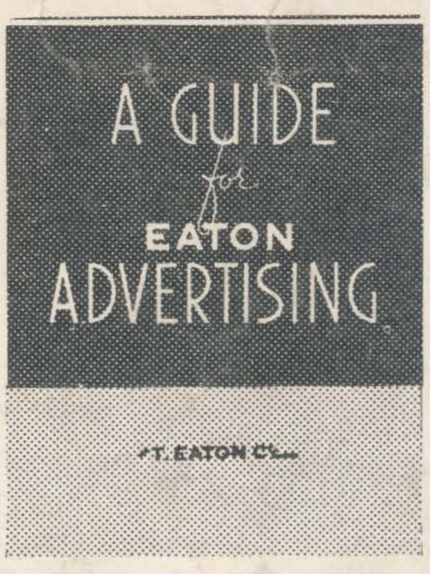
Clearance! Reg. 9.95 to 15.00

Manufacturer's Clearance! Much Below Usual Price!

Half Price! Reg. 13.95 to 24.50

Half Usual Price! Ordinarily 4.98!

Let's have a frank talk about "Comparative Prices"... and what they mean in EATON advertising!



This is the text-book that guides our advertising writers in everything they say about our merchandise. It lays down hard-and-fast rules against exaggeration and misrepresentation, helps us to keep our advertising accurate and true!

Comparative prices are common currency in advertising. They're expressed in many ways, in terms like "Regularly"–"Ordinarily"–"Originally"–"Made to sell for"–"Worth twice the price"–and so on . . . phrases that are sometimes meaningful, sometimes misleading, often hard to prove or understand.

WE WANT OUR CUSTOMERS TO KNOW HOW WE AT EATON'S USE COMPARATIVE PRICES IN OUR ADVERTISING . . . HOW WE LIMIT THEIR USE BY STRICT REGULATIONS TO ENSURE THAT THEIR MEANING WILL BE CONSISTENTLY CLEAR:

✶ When we quote "comparative prices"—that is, compare an Eaton special price with the ordinary price prevailing—a thorough survey is made of the local market, to make certain that *the special price to be quoted is substantially lower than the price at which this article is presently being sold in other stores as well as our own.* Only when this condition
✶ is fulfilled will we quote comparative prices in our advertising.

Whenever we quote a "regular price," we refer to *the last price at which the merchandise was sold at Eaton's*. . . even though that price may have been a reduction of an earlier "regular price." Thus, if we sell an article at 4.95, reduce it to 3.98 and later on reduce it to 2.98—it will be advertised as "Regular 3.98, Special price 2.98."

✶ If we advertise an article "Regular 4.95 Special Price 3.25," we mean that this same article has been selling for some time on our counters for the regular price and has been reduced for some specific reason, which we state—such as "ends of lines" or "broken sizes," or "discontinued styles."

Strict limitation on the use of comparative prices is only one of the many ways by which we maintain our reputation for integrity. We rigidly adhere to a principle of clarity, truth and accuracy in every phase of our advertising for ABOVE ALL THINGS WE VALUE YOUR CONFIDENCE. Therefore we stick to this simple, straight-forward rule:

EATON ADVERTISING MUST MEAN WHAT IT SAYS AND SAY WHAT IT MEANS